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A Positive Reply to China

SINCE the death of Stalin, Mr. Malenkov has hoisted a whole series of diplomatic flags indicating that he is anxious to negotiate a *détente* with the West. These signals have been duly noted in Washington and London; but the view has been held that no positive response should be vouchsafed until Communist sincerity has been tested and Moscow and Peking have shown "a genuine change of heart." Last Tuesday's offer by Chou En-lai must surely have satisfied even the most sceptical American that this precondition for resuming negotiations in Korea has been fulfilled. He has put forward a plan which goes a lot more than half-way towards the Indian proposal for settling the one outstanding issue—prisoner repatriation.

The hopefulness of the Chinese Foreign Minister's statement is enhanced by two significant features. In the first place, it was made immediately after his return from Moscow; and we can therefore assume with confidence that it has full Russian support. In the second place—unlike many previous peace offers which have been loosely drafted with the obvious purpose of scoring points in the propaganda game without committing its advocates to any action—these proposals are precise in phrasing and suggest a practical procedure of negotiation. First, agreement should be reached on the exchange of sick and injured prisoners during the period of hostilities, as General Mark Clark proposed five weeks ago; then the negotiators should proceed "to seek an overall settlement of the question of prisoners-of-war."

On this central issue Chou En-lai adheres to the strict interpretation of the Geneva Convention which he has sustained since the deadlock began just a year ago, and he adds that, in the Chinese view, those prisoners who refuse to be repatriated only do so "under the intimidation and oppression of the opposite side." But he then states that "since this is the sole obstacle to the realisation of an armistice, they [the Chinese and North Koreans] are prepared to take steps to eliminate differences on this question." This concedes in practice most of what the Americans demanded. The Indian resolution, which is now United Nations policy, suggested that a Commission consisting of representatives of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Sweden and Switzerland should constitute a neutral repatriation commission, which should take *all* prisoners of war under their custody. Chou En-lai suggests that those prisoners who refuse to be repatriated should "be handed over to a neutral State so as to ensure a just solution of the question."

It will be impossible to measure the width of the gap between the Indian and the Chinese plans until the negotiations start. Much of course will depend on the name of the neutral country suggested by the Chinese. If it were one of Russia's European satellites, the United Nations could hardly agree; if it were India—or even Indonesia—objection would be unreasonable. But such surmises are premature. The essential fact to note is the spirit of compromise. The Indian proposals were a genuine compromise, whose acceptance by the Americans involved considerable concessions. Chou En-lai's counter-proposals are equally conciliatory because they, too, depart from the rigid line to which combatant nations adhere when they desire to continue a war while preaching peace.

At last there is solid ground for optimism—provided only that we limit our hopes to what is feasible. Modern wars are very rarely ended by agreement. Indeed, this can only happen when both combatants see that they cannot afford the price of outright victory, and that the continuation of the fighting brings them no advantage. For some time the Americans have been anxious to disengage their forces in Korea without loss of face. Now it looks as if the Chinese too have decided, with Russian assent, on disengagement. But what the U.S. and China will do if the ghastly Korean tragedy is ended is quite another, and a far more difficult, question. Chou En-lai has made it clear that his main motive for compromise in Korea is to hurry on the policy talks on Far Eastern questions which, by the armistice

terms, come after. Unless those policy talks bring the transfer of Chiang Kai-shek's seat on the Security Council to the Peking Government and some approach to a settlement of the Formosan problem, a Korean armistice will merely mean a temporary *détente*, and the disengagement of the troops in that country might well be followed by an engagement of them somewhere else.

None the less, the truce comes first. The Communists have not only shown "the genuine change of heart" which Western diplomacy demanded of them: they have issued a challenge to the U.S. and its allies to show a similar change.

Formosan Troops in Burma

The Burmese Government is taking no more chances. Chiang Kai-shek's *chargé d'affaires* in Bangkok has now stated that, as part of Formosa's war against China, 12,000 Kuomintang troops, under Chiang's command, are operating in Burma east of the Salween. Burma's complaint to the U.N. is now supported by India and Pakistan, and the Siamese Government has offered to permit the repatriation of these troops through Siam. The Burmese and Indian Premiers, however, now touring the Assam frontier, not only support the view that these irregulars have been supplied through Siam, but add the vital point that they have assisted the Karen rebellion. The Premiers urge that these troops must now be interned, since their repatriation would amount to a reinforcement of Chiang's army. Clearly this matter must now be thrashed out in the U.N., where the issue may be complicated by the allegation that Americans, even if only unofficially, have taken part in the agencies supplying the Formosan intruders.

The Burmese Government has now taken a second step to remove foreigners who interfere in their internal problem. The U.S. Government was informed last week that the economic agreement under which American aid had been supplied must end in June. No charges are made publicly against any of the American officials engaged in various projects, but it is an open secret in Burma that some of them have used their position to select areas to work because they were near the Chinese frontier, while others became involved with the Karens. While ending this specifically American aid, the Burmese Government makes no suggestion that the many valuable health and educational projects under U.N. specialised agencies and the Colombo Plan should be discontinued. But they cannot afford to take risks with foreigners who take a hand in their internal affairs.

Optimistic Survey

In this year's *Economic Survey* there is an unmistakable note of complacency and a hint (it might be inferred) that the Chancellor no longer deems it necessary to tighten the deflationary screw. Retrospectively, a picture is painted of "successful" contraction of the economy. So far as the external balance of payments is concerned, the slight improvement in export earnings was offset by a fall in receipts from "invisibles"—an account burdened with no less than £208m. of Government expenditure abroad. The net improvement, which resulted in a final surplus of £291m. in 1952, was due entirely to an economy of £569m. in the cost of imports, about half of which was ascribable to lower prices and the balance to import cuts and reduced domestic demand. The *Survey* makes light of last year's decline in capital investment, and, though it admits that (save in the coal and petroleum industries) renewals and expansions of plant and equipment were curtailed, it points to the "marked fall in the amount of finance required for stocks"—a fall which left many firms with increased liquid resources—as a more significant factor in the situation.

Looking forward, the *Survey* emphasises the strain which will be placed on the future balance of payments by the service of the U.S. and Canadian loans and by the need both to repay Britain's debt to E.P.U. and to make a further reduction in our sterling indebtedness. Since it is also expected that the cost of imports in 1953 will rise, stress is logically laid on the need for increased exports. How are these to be obtained? The *Survey* notes with gratification that the metal-using industries should have ample resources (always provided there is not a decline in coal production) and that deliveries from the engineering industry are now quicker—a statement on which odd comment is provided by the N.C.B.'s recent decision to place in Germany a large order for urgently needed mining equipment. The implication seems to be that, if business men do not become "recession minded," and output generally is expanded, markets for exports can somehow be secured. In view of the new French import cuts, Turkey's ban on purchases from Britain, and the problematic situation of the dollar market—these are optimistic assumptions.

Austin's Counter-attack

The methods being used by the Austin management to smash the Longbridge strike may seem fifty years out of date, but they may prove effective in a dispute marked by inter-union antagonism. After five weeks of silence, the management offered the strikers the choice of capitulation or dismissal. When more than 1,500 did not report last Friday, they were brusquely discharged, and Mr. Lord blandly announced that "no dispute now exists."

No doubt, many other industrialists will envy this simple technique. But if such a method of dealing with important disputes is allowed to pass without challenge, there is bound to be a serious deterioration in industrial relations throughout industry. So far as the Vehicle Builders are concerned, the Austin action has turned the strike into a lock-out, and the union executive has therefore asked officially for a Ministry of Labour inquiry. Last week-end, the union offered to let the strikers return if Austin's would agree to such an inquiry, and it claims that the decision to stay out was taken only after the management refused this offer. Now it is making preparations for an extension of the dispute to other plants of the British Motor Corporation, and is calling a meeting of the appropriate shop stewards in an attempt to "black" all work destined for Longbridge. Although the solidarity of the strikers is being rewarded by an increase in their strike pay, it seems unlikely that the Vehicle Builders can win this trial of strength. Their main hope is that they will get the fraternal support of other unions, which—barring official intervention by the Minister of Labour—would be the only form of pressure that might make Austin's think again about behaving like the most obdurate of Victorian employers.

Hard Bargaining in Wheat

After two months of weary negotiations in Washington, there are still no signs of an agreement being reached on the terms for extending, after next June, the International Wheat Agreement. The importing countries, following the British lead, began by offering $1.75 a bushel, as compared with $1.86 for the current cereal year. This was quite unacceptable to the U.S., whose demand, supported by Canada and Australia, was for no less than $2.25. This seems to have been subsequently scaled down to $2.10; but even this price would add $48 million to Britain's bill for wheat—an awkward increase in the existing strain on the dollar balance of payments. With ample world wheat supplies in sight, it seems doubtful if the price for next year should be above $1.90, at most. This, it is true, is substantially below the American "support price"; and the U.S. negotiators appear to have threatened that the Administration might prefer to buy up wheat and store it rather than let it be exported at the expense of the American tax-payer. This pressure should clearly be resisted; there is no reason why the U.S. budget, burdened as it is by the "feather-bedding" of American farmers, should be relieved at the expense of the British consumer of wheat.

De Gasperi Gets His Way

After a ferocious filibuster, in the course of which a new President of the Senate had to be elected, and whose closing scenes were enlivened by fisticuffs and the hurling of inkpots, the Italian Electoral Bill has been rail-roaded through the Upper House and has become law. The fight against the Bill will now doubtless be continued in the factories; but there are too many unemployed in Italy for "direct action" to be used effectively for political purposes, and Signor Scelba's police can be relied on to give short shrift to demonstrators. Thus the beginning of June should see election day in Italy—under a procedure which gives 65 per cent. of the seats to the *bloc* (or single party) which secures 50.01 per cent. of the votes. It may be that this device, which Signor De Gasperi has borrowed from Mussolini, and which makes a farce of parliamentary democracy, will succeed in enthroning for the next five years a reactionary clerical regime whose sole *raison d'être* is to obstruct reforms at home and obtain military aid from the United States. But though such a Government may be able to claim that it has a "solid" majority in the Chamber, it will hardly be able to claim that it represents the will of the Italian people.

McCarthy Tries a New Tack

Senator McCarthy's attempt to obstruct the appointment of Mr. Bohlen as Ambassador to Moscow collapsed ignominiously last week. Led by Senators Taft and Knowland, the Republicans in the Senate rallied behind the

Administration's request for endorsement of Mr. Bohlen, and McCarthy and his sympathisers were swamped by 74 to 13. Finding himself under fire from the leaders of his own party, McCarthy tried to pretend that he had never accused Mr. Bohlen of being a "security risk"—though when asked whether he had doubts about Mr. Bohlen on security grounds he had replied: "That's putting it too weak." It now seems that McCarthy's doubts were based on a leak from his friend, Mr. McLeod, the former F.B.I. man from New Hampshire who passed from being assistant to Senator Bridges to being the security officer of the State Department. Mr. McLeod, presumably, told McCarthy that the Bohlen file was "hot." According to Senator Taft, the only "hot" material in it was a poison-pen denunciation from a secretary whose "sixth-sense" had sent out alarm signals on the one occasion she had taken dictation from Mr. Bohlen.

No doubt somewhat discomfited by the failure of the smear campaign against Mr. Bohlen, the Wisconsin Senator has tried a new tack. He says that he has personally made an agreement with Greek ship owners of more than 240 ships that they will not trade with any Communist ports in the Far East. His decision to impose such a free-lance blockade was taken, it appears, without consultation with the State Department, "lest it interfere" in what any reasonable person would regard as its normal jurisdiction. The Administration—as Mr. Stassen's sharp protest has already shown—is bound to regard this as a direct challenge, made, with the Senator's usual tactical skill, on grounds that will be as popular with the public as they must be unpopular in the White House. But it is unlikely that the President is yet ready to fight back by instructing the Justice Department to act on the dossier it has for a long time been preparing on the Senator.

PARIS

The Two Bombshells

Our Paris Correspondent writes: It all happened on one day, and quite unexpectedly. At 6 o'clock in the morning truckloads of police raided the headquarters of the C.G.T., the (predominantly, but not exclusively Communist) trade union federation; a "ton of documents" was carted away, after a "search" of several hours; several secretaries of the C.G.T. were arrested, and a warrant was also issued for the arrest of M. Benoit Frachon, the Secretary General, but he was not to be found, and is still believed to be in Austria, where he had gone on a "peace mission." André Stil, editor of *l'Humanité*, was also arrested—the same Stil who had spent a couple of months in prison last summer, and who was the first to be arrested in the anti-Communist drive, the most famous episode of which was the police frame-up of M. Duclos and his "carrier pigeons." The charge against Stil was then dropped. The charge against the latest batch of Communist and C.G.T. leaders arrested is the "attempt to demoralise the army and the nation"; but, as distinct from last year's arrests, the case is in the hands of the military courts—i.e., courts much less independent of the Government than the civil courts.

On the very same morning it was learned that the Government was proposing to borrow 80 milliards of francs from the Bank of France, by raising the legal limit of such borrowing from 200 to 280 milliards. Although it specified that the loan was only for two months, it was only too obvious to everybody that here was a case of pure, undisguised inflation, and the deplorable impression the Government's proposal made was best reflected by the reaction of the Finance Committee of the National Assembly, which turned it down flat by a large majority. Nevertheless, by telling the Assembly several times that the plane that was to take him and M. Bidault to Washington was waiting, M. Mayer got the Assembly to agree to the new Convention with the Bank of France—though by only a very small majority.

Defenders of M. Mayer say that it was a "pure coincidence" that the sudden need for 80 milliards should have cropped up the very day he was going to fly to Washington. Maybe so . . . But the arrests amongst the C.G.T. leaders were scarcely a coincidence, and the most common interpretation given to this move—by Communists and anti-Communists alike—was that, since M. Mayer hadn't any good news to give Mr. Dulles about the early ratification of the E.D.C. by the French Assembly, he couldn't really go to the U.S. quite empty-handed, and at least had to impress Mr. Dulles with the healthy anti-Communism of the French Government.

M. Mayer endeavoured to represent the sudden need for loose money as arising from a minor miscalculation of the speed with which revenue would pour into the Treasury in March; but the Assembly debate—on a high level—revealed that there were much deeper causes for this "technical hitch." M. Mendès-France, in particular, alleged that production and business in France were steadily slowing down; that the foreign trade figures were getting "plainly pathological"; and that the 1953 Budget was a "Potemkin Budget," based on so much wishful thinking. It was, he said, based on the assumption that production, and consequently revenue, would increase by 3 per cent. over the previous year; he feared that it might drop by that figure. He also dwelt on the "appalling disproportion" between productive and unproductive expenditure in France, with only 80,000 houses built in 1952, as against Germany's figure of 420,000, and Britain's 250,000.

As for the Communist arrests, these are generally considered to have been ordered "for foreign consumption," because nobody in France thinks the Communists or the C.G.T. a serious menace at present. The *dossier* so far accumulated by M. Pleven against the Communist deputies, whose parliamentary immunity he would like to see raised, has not impressed the parliamentary committee examining it; nor has the judicial inquiry into the activities of M. Le Léap, a leader of the C.G.T., who has now been in jail for six months, revealed much, beyond propaganda—notably against the Vietnam war—along the usual Communist lines. Among French intellectuals, all these arrests among Communists and C.G.T. officials have produced some sharp reactions. At a recent mass meeting at the Salle Wagram writers like J. P. Sartre, Claude Bourdet, Martinet, Domenach and Lacroix (the last two are well-known Left-wing Catholics) squarely condemned the arrests as a dangerous precedent which might well lead to the repression of all unorthodox and unauthorised thought and opinion. At this rate, several speakers suggested, anyone who disapproved of say, M. de Hautecloque's or General Garbay's activities in Tunisia might before long be accused of "demoralising the army and the nation," and anyone wanting peace in Indo-China ran the risk of being locked up as a traitor.

Whether Mr. Dulles was impressed by M. Mayer's "anti-Communism" or not, the results of the Washington talks are described by the *Monde* as "platonic." Except that the Americans showed a definite eagerness for the war in Indo-China, where they intend to help (even though the French and Americans are still far from seeing eye-to-eye on questions like the "training of Asiatics" or the attitude to be adopted toward Bao Dai), the discussions on other subjects do not seem to have gone beyond preliminaries. In the case of the Saar, Mr. Dulles seemed particularly reluctant to support the French against Germany, even though the French have claimed all along that a settlement of the Saar problem was an essential preliminary to any further agreement with Germany. On the other hand, the Republicans seem more disposed than the Democrats to consider a long-term programme of aid to Europe—*how much* remains in the lap of Congress.

SINGAPORE

The Influence of the Cinema

Our Singapore Correspondent writes: Nearly the whole of the cinema-owning business in Singapore and the Federation of Malaya is in the hands of two Chinese companies operated by the Shaw Brothers (Run Run Shaw and Run Mee Shaw), and Loke Wan Tho. Between them they control about 200 cinemas. Nearly all the films they show are American. Under a British Military Proclamation which came into force when the British returned, all cinemas which normally show English language films must exhibit a British film for seven days out of seventy. This is still the law. The Censor, who operates it, has power to waive it at his discretion.

For the past eight months, the Parkinson Committee has been sitting in Singapore debating whether the British quota law should be abolished. If this happens, then almost certainly no British films will ever again be seen in Singapore or the Federation. They are already very hard to find. Rarely given any advance publicity, they are usually sneaked in for a couple of days between two American films. Not even the well disciplined local film critics are given a preview. Even if the British films played to capacity houses, they would still be taken off after their allotted span.

The cause of all this, of course, is pressure from the American film-makers. Their attitude to Malayan cinema-owners is: "If you want our best films, you must also take our lesser films as a condition of sale." What this also means is that good American films, made by independent companies, cannot get a showing. John Ford's *The Quiet Man*, for example, has never been shown in Singapore although it has been lying in the Film Censor's vault for months. The American film-makers, meanwhile, still demand removal of the "unfair" British film quota.

Meanwhile, in a country plagued with Communist terrorism and colonial exploitation, damage and confusion are caused by the type of American film shown. After seeing *My Son John*, a bewildered Asian said he thought it was only in Communist countries that a man's relatives betrayed him to the State Secret Police. *Captive City*, the story of a small American town dominated by a lawless gang, frightened an audience to whom "democracy" (where apparently this sort of thing can happen) is persistently promised by the Colonial Administration. British films at least do not normally confuse the issue about the sort of democracy Britain has promised Malaya. If for no other reason it might serve the cause better if the Parkinson Committee, instead of abolishing the quota for British films, increased it considerably. A bad British film may be silly; but, so far as Malaya is concerned, it is not so dangerous as a bad American film.

Time to Fold Up the Feather-bed

THE Government White Paper accompanying the annual farm price review, which was published last week, shows that this Government, no more than its predecessor, has hit upon any fundamental or imaginative solution to our national problem of food production. Agricultural policy still amounts to nothing more than a so-called incentive price to the farmers within a stable, and largely guaranteed, market. Nevertheless, the White Paper lends emphasis to certain specifically Tory trends in food and agricultural policy which have gradually become more apparent.

The White Paper refers significantly to the "circumstances of a freer agricultural economy," a phrase which may be taken to point the way to a Conservative future and which is presently exemplified in the new arrangements for the marketing of eggs. If the egg scheme is to be taken as the pattern of other schemes of pricing and distribution which are to follow, it is a particularly bad one. By fixing a floor below which the price may not fall, without fixing a ceiling over which it may not soar, all protection is being removed from the consumer and the guaranteed minimum price is more likely to become a feather-bed for the producer than an incentive to increased productivity.

However, the essential agricultural problem in the United Kingdom at present is not simply the protection of the consumer. That, as the Labour Government showed, can be done if the Government has the will to do it. It is the problem of securing marginal production without having recourse to marginal prices. If it were possible for the U.K. to survive on three-quarters, say, of its present agricultural production, the price of home-produced food would fall dramatically. It is kept high at present by the stark needs of our trading position, which compel us not only to consume that last expensive quarter but to struggle to extend agricultural production over more and more marginal land. It is the need to fix prices high enough to ensure survival for the minority of marginal farmers which ensures that the prosperous, well capitalised majority is over-rewarded.

This tendency is no new one: it existed under the Labour Government. But in one sense the problem has been made more difficult by Mr. Butler. For the object is not only, by price inducement, to persuade the farmer to bring marginal land under cultivation, but also to induce him to invest in increasing its productivity. The present Government, by forcing up interest rates and restricting bank credits (measures which are felt in the farming community no less than among industrialists), leaves the average farmer with little alternative but to finance investment out of current profits. Hence the marginal farmer, in the first place, must be awarded a high price for his hard-won produce; and then, if he wants not merely to make ends meet but to better himself, he must look for a further element of profit to cover the investment required for increasing the productivity of his farm. Meanwhile, at both stages of that calculation, his more prosperous fellows are pocketing an unearned windfall.

The deep-seated problems of British agriculture and the investment that must be made in it are to a great extent involved in the ownership of land. It would be absurd to expect a Tory Government to seek any radical solution to the problems of land-ownership. But the present price policy, which, in effect, robs the consumer without providing a real incentive to the marginal producer, stands condemned even in Tory economics. Sir Thomas Dugdale's justification for passing on to the consumer such a small proportion of the benefits of the current increase in productivity—the arrangement proposed will "assist farmers to finance increased output"—is the ultimate condemnation of the hit-or-miss weapon of the Bank rate, wielded on a delicately adjusted economy. The consumer, less and less protected by subsidy and control over distribution, is now to pay dearer than he need, in order that the marginal quarter of the farming industry may finance out of current profits the development which ought to be selectively and scientifically financed by low-cost loan; and this at a time when 90 per cent. of consumers look upon 75 per cent. of farmers as an enviable example of well-fed prosperity.

The least the Government can do is to find means of allowing the marginal producer to contract out of the credit freeze, while insisting that the benefits of increased agricultural productivity are progressively passed on to the consumer. If Mr. Butler is unwilling to modify his present policy of credit restriction over our economic life as a whole, the Government should set up some sort of agricultural development board, with either the capital to advance money at nominal rates of interest for approved schemes of farm development or, at least, with the technical authority to approve the schemes and make recommendations to the banks for their financing.

Some such device would warrant the assumption that overall productivity on the farm will increase by a notional percentage each year. Since, in these circumstances, the whole of the benefit accruing from State-aided investment should be passed on to the consumer, the Government ought to announce unequivocally that *real* farm prices (i.e., prices related to the general level of the wholesale price index) will be correspondingly and progressively reduced—the reduction to start in, say, three years' time. This would be the beginning at least of a more rational policy.

McCarthy at Work

IN Philadelphia a trade union leader said to me "I hate McCarthy and everything he is doing. But 40 per cent. of my members are behind him." How has McCarthy managed to attract so much public support? The answer cannot be understood unless we realise that the Republican Party's campaign on China was successful in convincing a great many Americans that the principal factor in "losing China to the Communists" was American foreign policy. This strange notion is widely believed; and bad advice from the State Department is advanced as the reason for Mao Tse-tung's victory.

When this is coupled with the shock to public opinion of discovering that Alger Hiss, a well-known senior State Department official, was a Communist, you have all the ingredients for mischief. McCarthy has successfully exploited the disquiet aroused by China and Alger Hiss. The argument goes like this. America was defeated in China because she was betrayed. Therefore if American policy does not succeed elsewhere, it must be because there are still Communists in the State Department, as yet undiscovered, who are engaged in sabotage. McCarthy is the man who ferrets them out.

That he has not yet found any is beside the point. He has succeeded in sowing doubt in many American minds about the integrity and loyalty of their public officials. At the same time he has lowered the morale of the State Department and given every disgruntled junior official a chance to work off old scores against his seniors. At the Investigating Committee all his questions are loaded to get the right answers. On the morning I was able to go, the public queue had formed an hour before the Committee started. None of the press men knew what the proceedings were to be. Even the Committee clerks professed ignorance: "You can never tell what McCarthy will do," they said.

At one end of the room stood a long table facing the public benches with a central seat reserved for McCarthy. Seats were kept for other Senators who belong to the Committee. "Apart from one or two tame Senators, they won't turn up," said a press man. "This is strictly McCarthy's show." Then in he came. Tall, well-built, broad shouldered, he squeezed a policeman's elbow in friendly fashion as he walked by. There followed some play with a big box of cigars sent to him by an admirer. Two witnesses appeared and sat at a small table facing McCarthy. They were Voice of America officials, and one of them, Gerald Dooher, was Chief of the Asian and African Bureaux. "Friendly witnesses," said my friend. "Dooher's been here before. He eats out of McCarthy's hand."

The witnesses testified that Chester Bowles, the U.S. Ambassador to India, had tried to tone down the anti-Communist propaganda broadcast by Voice of America. Dooher had ignored his advice. Had Bowles ever sent them any material? No, he had not. Did he ever encourage the work they were doing? "No. We came to feel we were unwelcome to him." The audience stirred. Was this another highly placed Ambassador who was "soft" towards the Communists? The examination switched to a mysterious country "X" that could not be named for Security reasons. Later it became clear that they were talking about Iran. Dooher testified that American officials in the Embassy at "X" had protested that his scripts were "warmongering," and should not be broadcast. "Is not warmongering a word a Communist would use?" Dooher replied "Yes, it is. And, what is more, the official concerned is still employed in the Embassy at 'X.'"

Then Dooher complained of attempts to cut the amount of broadcast time, to eliminate broadcasts to key countries such as Israel, and to turn over control of propaganda to the State Department. McCarthy asked a loaded question. He speaks quietly, without gesticulation, in a low soft voice. "This is a disturbing pattern of events. What is the reason for it?" Here was Dooher's cue. "In my view there is a terrible softness that comes from a lack of dedication to the cold war struggle."

McCarthy let his satellites do most of the examination, but he intervened once more about broadcasts to Korea. Speaking of the State Department's instructions, he said to Dooher: "If you were a Communist acting under orders from Moscow, would you have followed in Korea, the same pattern of policy that your superior officers laid down?" "Yes, I would," said Dooher. All morning, McCarthy was relaxed, at ease, confident. He gave no appearance of being hysterical or a bully. He had a ready smile and an easy manner. But he managed to get across to his audience the impression that unreliable top U.S. officials were responsible for a "pattern" of events that could happen only because they were Communists or in sympathy with them. As we filed out a member of the public, naively impressed by the Senator's virtuosity, said to me, "I reckon we need someone like that to get rid of those Commies."

McCarthy is certainly not a blustering fool, deceived by his own propaganda. On the contrary his questions were intelligently placed to cause the maximum prejudice. When he comes up against a witness who seems able to defend himself, he is quite capable of ordering the television cameras to be switched off so that the man's defence will not be seen or heard by the general public. He deals in half-truths, so that although his charges may seem utterly reckless, there is considerable cunning behind them. No one should underrate his capacity: he is the most formidable enemy of free speech, free association and freedom of thought in the United States, and it will need a mighty effort to destroy his influence.

Americans know this. Sooner or later every political conversation comes round to McCarthy. Some believe he will go the way of Huey Long; others that the report of the Senate Sub-committee on his financial transactions will eventually trip him up; still others that Eisenhower will have to deal with him. But while they wait, McCarthy is winning substantial victories. Every time some decent man says "I know this is wrong, but why should I stick my neck out?" McCarthy has won another round.

But the picture is not wholly black. The Churches reacted so sharply to Congressman Harold Velde's hint that he would investigate them that he had to explain within twenty-four hours that he had been misunderstood. Next day, one newspaper carried a cartoon showing Velde and McCarthy dressed as wolves, with McCarthy saying sadly, "Sorry, Harold, but we shall have to throw you to the sheep." Among the trade unionists, Jim Carey, Secretary of the C.I.O. is making splendid speeches in defence of the basic freedoms. The responsible Press is anti-McCarthy. Some of the politicians are speaking up, too.

As for the Universities, with certain honourable exceptions they are timid and anxious. They present a sitting target to McCarthy, for many of them are ready to accede to the doctrine that to acknowledge that you are a Communist is sufficient ground for dismissal from your post. Yet they, of all people, should be ready to sound the trumpet for the right to dissent and the privilege to be a heretic. Some older American Socialists with whom I discussed this are inclined to be philosophical. They remember the wave of intolerance that swept America for a time after the first war, and believe this too will blow itself out in due course.

But before it does how many decent men will have been destroyed by the half-truths and distortions of McCarthy?

JAMES CALLAGHAN

London Diary

MR. MICHAEL BLUNDELL'S visit here happened to coincide with the news of increasingly terrible Mau Mau murders. Though it is Kikuyu who are being killed and not Europeans—eight White people have, I believe, been killed by Mau Mau—these latest murders make it more difficult to discuss policy in Kenya with candour and realism. Michael Blundell exploited this situation. He is the first persuasive spokesman the settlers have ever had; his predecessors have been what he now calls "extremists." His own technique in broadcasting and speaking here has been to lay down certain general propositions about the necessity of European-African partnership in a country of 40,000 whites and 5½ million Africans. He frankly admits the need of social changes, all of which, he finds, are impracticable today. He rebuts suggestions that the majority of the settlers do not share his enlightened attitude by saying that the extremists are always the most vocal; he adds an urgent appeal for increased settler control, combined with an attack on Colonial Office functionaries and a pretence that to increase the number of settlers in the administration is somehow "democratic." In fact, the chances of the reforms he talks of being adopted if the settlers get control is negligible; only the disinterested and enlightened attitude of some Colonial Office servants has prevented something like Mau Mau appearing much earlier and all over East Africa. My conclusion is exactly the opposite view to Mr. Blundell's. I should like the Governor to be given absolute dictatorial powers for six months; and all political demonstrations, by settlers as well as by Africans, to be forbidden until a common policy of African emancipation is accepted by a representative group of Europeans, Africans and Indians. The reforms listed in Mr. Brockway's most useful pamphlet *Why Mau Mau?* are needed side by side with the necessary police measures. Failing some such programme, what can prevent the horrible violence that has occurred in Kenya this week spreading to other tribes? It is probably a good thing that more British troops should be sent out because they may reduce the amount of Black and Tannery which I hear is proceeding in the reserves. Anyone who doubts that the Europeans provoke African violence should read the account in *Time*, which, to put it mildly, is not a magazine of the Left.

* * *

What induced the editor of the *Sunday Express* to cancel the series of articles on Sir Hartley Shawcross which he had invited Mr. Woodrow Wyatt to write? The *Sunday Express* is not usually inclined to suppress a scoop. The solution of this riddle depends on the interpretation given to the extraordinary communiqué issued by the Attorney-General. I gather that some of Sir Hartley's colleagues on the Bar Council objected that these articles would contravene the rule that barristers must not seek to improve their private practice by any form of self-advertisement; that Sir Hartley was made aware that, if they were published, the consequences for him might be serious; and that finally, after urgent interventions from Downing Street, the *Sunday Express* took pity on him! If Sir Hartley had still been Attorney-General there would apparently have been no objection to the discussion by Mr. Wyatt of the interesting question whether he is "man or superman." But now that he sits on the Opposition Front Bench and has returned to private practice, it is held that such a discussion would be a breach of professional etiquette. This seems to me fantastic. I can well understand Socialist colleagues expressing distaste at the idea of Mr. Wyatt writing up Sir Hartley's life in the *Sunday Express*. But the imputation that Mr. Wyatt's article would have advertised Sir Hartley's legal talents improperly seems to be incredible. Are we to assume that the Bar Council holds that Sir Hartley will be guilty of self-advertisement whenever, by some misfortune, he is praised in the Tory press? There are many precedents for *adverse* press publicity directed against ex-Law Officers. I seem to remember a spate of articles in the 1930s about Sir Stafford Cripps when he was an ex-Solicitor-General. But fortunately for Sir Stafford's relations with his colleagues at the Bar no newspaper at that time ever thought of raising the issue whether he was man or superman.

* * *

Mr. Nehru brought to Delhi last week all the Indian diplomats stationed in the Middle East and took their opinion of the Cairo crisis. No doubt there were differences of view among them, but there appeared, I'm told, something like a distinctive Indian attitude, very alien to that of the Foreign Office here, but perhaps very important if India makes a lasting thing of the Arab-Asian *bloc*. Communism, it is argued, is a declining force. It only looks dynamic where, as in China, it forgets its old principles, turns nationalist and talks of liberating the colonial countries. America's anti-Communist frenzy is seen as a rationalisation of Washington's pursuit of world interests, especially in the Pacific where, after the defeat of Japan, the U.S. had advanced far into the interior of Asia. As a result, Asian peoples, though not at all in favour of Russia or of Communism, look increasingly askance at American aid. It is offered against what Asians regard as an improbable Russian aggression, but it seems actually to threaten their own new-found independence. If this attitude holds, Delhi diplomacy will not at all necessarily sympathise with all that the Cairo junta does, but it is likely to work on the assumption that to bring the U.S. into the Suez negotiations will simply ruffle up Egyptian nationalism.

* * *

Nye Bevan's appearance on the television last week in *Press Conference* certainly gave force to Mrs. Wyndham Goldie's plea—made jokingly, I gather, to some newspapermen recently—that her Conservative connection in no way influences her work as producer of television's topical programmes. Ironically enough, I found myself wishing that Nye's scowling questioners could have been rather more trenchant and hard-hitting than they were. In these conferences the journalists taking part are quite rightly intended to represent a powerful, informed opposition. (I recall vividly the hammering Roy Welensky received on African federation some months ago.) Here Malcolm Muggeridge, Trevor Evans and Ed. Newman of the N.B.C. hardly succeeded in making a clear hit between them. On armaments, under-nourishment, the health service, and so on, Nye had the air of speaking with the authority, as he put it, of "the British nation." Those viewers who expected the fire-breathing dragon invoked by the popular press must have been salutarily shocked to find themselves faced by such a decorous, impressive, eloquent, persuasive man.

* * *

Three stern correspondents have written to rebuke me for expressing sympathy with the man who smashed the winning memorial to the Unknown Political Prisoner. One of them argues that I possess the mind of "the censor, of the Nazi of the tar and feather merchant"; that I

am, in fact, a Vandal. I raise my battered head only so far as to explain that my anger was not roused by the prize-winning exhibit which was, in fact, destroyed before I went to the exhibition. Nor am I a hater of Modern Art. I was cross because I thought the exhibition had done a great disservice to serious art, modern and ancient. I do not doubt that purely abstract models mean much to a few; and that some day they may be appreciated by a larger public. I am well aware that art forms despised in one generation are often accepted in the next. My complaint on this occasion was that *all* the prizes went to abstractions which, as several of their defenders have emphasised, have nothing to do with political prisoners; indeed, they are particularly defended on that account. Now what is the sense of a competition on a topic of intense emotional significance to the whole world, which produces nothing that is even intended to say anything about the subject? It would be frankly absurd to make full-size replicas of these prize-winning models which, to the mass of men, would look just like wire cages or meccano toys. The straightforward representative model by a Burmese artist of a boy in chains shouting defiance would have some value as a public monument; so would one or two of the Italian exhibits; better still would be the impressive Indonesian entry. The only possible result of giving all the prizes to abstract works is that ordinary men and women are baffled and disappointed; they go to the exhibition hoping to find something that symbolises the struggle of the individual spirit to prove that, even in this age, stone walls need not a prison make. They go away to scoff, fearing that the Philistines were after all right, that art is not meant for ordinary people, has no message for our time, and that if the *Daily Scream* tells him modern art is humbug, the *Daily Scream* may, after all, be right.

* * *

Moved by the publicity given to a schoolgirl whose parents insisted on sending her to school in slacks, an Oxford correspondent sends me the following addition to my collection of limericks :

There was an old lady of means,
Who went to communion in jeans;
When they didn't admit her
She said, somewhat bitter:
"But look at the frock of the Dean's!"

* * *

I see that Tom Harrisson has stepped out of legend and back into the news. Since he got tired of observing the masses he has been living in Borneo. The last account I had of him, he had grown a beard, was wearing a sarong and was tattooed as a tribal blood-brother. Officially, he is the curator of the Sarawak Museum, but that is just his pretext for disappearing for months on end into the jungle and into the uplands where, during the Japanese Occupation, he was dropped as a paratrooper to teach the "headhunters" how to hunt heads. On his latest expedition he was taken seriously ill and the 'plane which was sent to bring him out crashed. The invalid then had to arrange to rescue both himself and his rescuers. Which he did by "organising native canoes like a taxi service." He would. There is a story of a previous occasion when he had to make a four weeks' journey over the rapids and through the jungle. The canoe had barely left the "kampong" when a spider catcher bird flew from the wrong side of the river. This was a bad omen, and the boatmen immediately landed and set up a shrine to appease the angry gods. After 24 hours of pleading, the gods made a barking deer bark on the right side of the river and they set off again. A few miles farther on, the same sort of thing happened and again the ritual was repeated. "Tuan" Harrisson was getting impatient. He said to the polesmen "Why don't you stand back to back, and then the omens are bound to be on the right side of one of you?" This tickled the humour of the Kelabits; this was a joke against the gods. And so disposed, they took him back to the coast without further delays.

CRITIC

SIGNS AND PORTENTS

Korean skies are brightened
With advent of the spring,
Hope, long deferred, is heightened,
Peace doves are on the wing.
Why are we not suspicious
These messengers propitious
Will change to birds of prey?
What sign explains why hope remains
That peace is on the way?

Do both sides plan this season
To end the clash of arms?
Has confidence some reason?
(Peace has its false alarms.)
Why is it now expected
Terms will not be rejected
As oftentimes before?
What trends reveal a chance more real
To end the state of war?

Why should we think these peace-talks
Are not another ruse?
May they not shortly cease talks
On some trumped-up excuse?
Though soft words come from Peking
The weatherwise are seeking
Another hopeful sign—
The Stock Exchange records a change
Along the ticker line.

The wartime market steady
Caves in beneath the shock,
Arms shares have dropped already
And copper takes a knock;
Political improvement
Compels a downward movement—
Wall Street is thinking twice.
Peace-feelers show investors know
Peace also has its price.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

(4) Notwithstanding anything in subsection (1) of this section, that subsection shall not affect sub-paragraph (iii) of paragraph (c) of subsection (1) of section two of the said Act of 1951.—*Leasehold Property Bill*, 1953. (Edward Moeran.)

Reports from many parts of the country tell of the sweeping amnesty announced yesterday being put into immediate effect. Many of those released at once volunteered for work on some of the gigantic schemes for the Construction of Communism.—Report from Moscow in *Daily Worker*. (X. Y. Z.)

Clark Gable and Ava Gardner sat in the Commons gallery last night—thrilled to hear a handful of members discussing a Bill to give county borough status to Ilford.—*News Chronicle*. (John Barr.)

An application for replacement of spectacles . . . has been disallowed by Surrey Health Executive.
So has one by a man of 26 who claimed that his spectacles "dematerialised at a seance."—*Evening Standard*. (E. Richter.)

At Halstead, a broken halyard prevented the flag from being flown at half mast from St. Andrew's Church. Due to an unhappy coincidence, the same trouble prevented the flag from being flown on the death of King George VI.—*Halstead and Colne Valley Gazette*. (R. Kelk.)

An Athens Unsung

[*We hope to publish further impressions of British cities and regions revisited.*]

Its aspect is unrivalled of its kind in Britain. Ruskin thought it among the wonders of the world—an excusable exaggeration. Its cathedral and its keep stand upon a great rock, sublimely, each of them remarkable in itself but made the more so by standing side-by-side above sheer cliffs which rise in wooded slopes from an engirdling river. There is here something of the wooded Warwickshire Avon with its calm and quiet, although this northern river is black and sultry from its coal-fed tributaries, and something of the monumental raising of stone upon stone which gives Prague its unmatched outline. The Rhine castles cannot compare with this, nor Beauvais, Coutances, Vezelay. Durham may claim an exalted place among the architectural splendours of Europe. None of them, probably, is less visited from afar.

For the rest, the guide-books are embarrassed. Around the feet of this tremendous edifice of grey and primrose stone there creeps and cowers a slatternly little slated town with about as much claim to distinction as a back street in Manchester on a wet day. It is difficult to exaggerate the skill and blind persistence with which this city's almost incomparable advantages have been encompassed with a mean and sooty squalor. Or rather, it is difficult to exaggerate this until you board one of County Durham's numberless red buses and travel through a countryside overlaid in the same way, and, presumably, for the same reasons. Apart from these blessings of private enterprise, the city of Durham also suffered in the early years of this century from an onrush of bad taste which reached its building climax in the Shirehall, resembling in its monster way some gigantic public lavatory of the most urbane and decorative intention, yet blushing a deep salmon pink for its presence among the sober stones around it.

Compared with the depression of the early Thirties, when last I was in Durham, the city prospers. Relations between a Tory City Council and a Labour County Council are almost as bad as ever; but relations between cathedral and people have manifestly improved. It is now rather more than twenty years since the then Dean of Durham was generally taken to have offered the cathedral as an overflow gaol for turbulent unemployed (after all, the Prince Bishops of the past had used it for prisoners taken in the endless Scottish wars), and an angry mining people tried to throw him in the river for it. All that, if not forgotten, is now glossed over; for after that there came Dean Alington, who put things right with the miners and erected a fine commemorative plaque to mining casualties; and Dean Wild, who succeeded Dean Alington a couple of years ago, carries on the good work. And it is fine that this wonderful Cathedral—with the earliest rib-vaulting in Europe, a king among cathedrals—should be structurally in excellent repair, thanks partly to its Norman builders and partly to its Anglican maintainers.

With a slightly larger population than twenty years ago—about 19,000—unemployment is under 400. Two "North Eastern Trading Estates," at Dragon Ville and Langley Moor, have brought a welcome diversification of light industry to this mining area: they employ about 1,800 people, mostly women, and have ruined Durham's reputation for producing domestic servants. Durham's famous organ makers, who built the organ for the Festival Hall, deservedly flourish.

The University expands. Having had only three or four hundred undergraduates in 1939 (they are all residential at Durham), it now has over 1,200. With no expensive site clearance (unlike, for instance, Manchester) Durham could take immediate advantage of the grants available in the halcyon years after 1945. Spending one million pounds or thereabouts, the University has added to itself a new women's college, a new Science block, and improvements to some of the old colleges: these expensive buildings are good looking and appropriate. If all should go as planned—but the halcyon years are over—other new colleges will appear in the next ten or fifteen years and another five millions will be spent; Durham will become a big University. Among teaching additions since 1939, Durham has acquired a department of oriental studies, and has lately established a lectureship in Chinese and another in Indian studies. About thirty students are learning Arabic, though only a handful as their main subject. Perhaps four fifths of all Durham's students are grant-aided in one way or another; and that is a major change.

New schools are being built. The boys' Grammar school is being replaced by a new Technical-Grammar school with places for twice as many boys; there is also to be a new technical college which will offer, as well as ordinary courses, advanced courses in mining, and in mechanical and electrical engineering applied to mining. There is no intention, it seems, of any early replacement of some of the city's ba l old primary schools; educationally, however, Durham is a go-ahead county, and its educational plan aims at expanding the proportion of children who go to Grammar-type schools from the present 16 per cent. to an ultimate 25 per cent. All this, of course, is the county's business, not the city's.

That is a necessary reservation, for what commands attention is the Pickwickian situation between those who govern the city and those who govern the county. Unleash the *Eatanswill Gazette* within these narrow streets: and what rich and luscious scandal you would harvest, what strenuous allegations and counter-allegations, what fearful hints of jobbery, what scares of nepotism. . . . Contemporary journalism quails at the prospect and reaches trembling for the law of libel. There is simply no coping with it. The city, you must understand, is solid and respectable. It pays rates. It has a position to keep up. It has culture on the hill above it—alas, rather too far above it—and the precincts of a cathedral should be conservative in the natural order of things. Yet all around it, billowing far across the hills of County Durham and rolling to the very feet of the town, there is industrial England with its armies of workmen, its notions of equality, its rollicking disrespect for Property, its general turbulence and unreliability. You can see the city's point of view: these admirable ratepayers have their backs to the wall. If the County were once to get its way in this venerable place, whatever might ensue?

This struggle for survival, unhappily, has caused the governors of Durham to set aside, sternly to the point of complete forgetfulness, all question of beautifying their city. Someone jogs their elbow every now and then, and at such moments these embattled warriors of free enterprise will listen gravely, only to turn back with fresh resolution to the dreadful task of repelling the barbarians at their gate. Mr. Thomas Sharp jogged the municipal elbow rather severely in the hopeful year of 1944, when everyone sinned by optimism, with his splendid plan for Durham; but realisation has fallen short of admiration. True enough, there were one or two municipal changes. Early in 1950 the City Council gave permission for a large neon sign to be erected in such a manner as to damage the evening view from the viaduct. Latterly the good burghers have resisted a sinister plan to remove from the market place a particularly horrible equestrian statue to a 19th-Century Londonderry. They have had an eye to local culture by allowing the provision of an ice rink which hides neatly one of Wear's more gracious curves.

When you are fighting with conviction in your own worth, something may have to go. If the conservative governors of Durham were so feckless as to respond favourably to the blandishments of the County Council, which is solidly and eternally Labour, no doubt it could multiply amenities. The County, no doubt, might help to build a theatre (and Durham has none, or none that belongs to the city and not to the University), contribute towards a museum, build a better library, donate books and paintings and objects of art. For the County has an ardour for such things. If Durham miners, who elect the County, have an attribute marked above others, it lies in their respect for learning and their will to secure learning for their children and their children's children. Perhaps the University might have breached this unfortunate abyss between city and county, and arranged matters so that the great cultural possibilities of Durham could be realised a little more amply and goodheartedly for the people of Durham. But the University is rather of the city's way of thought, they say, and does not like to soil its hands with coal dust. And the city says amen.

Strong in its principles, the city has accordingly turned down, averted, or otherwise rebuffed a good many county approaches of one kind or another. Perhaps the most insidious of these was a proposal by the Rural District Council and the neighbouring colliery place of Brandon to amalgamate in local government with the city, thus giving the city badly needed building space and comprehending within it a representative Durham community. But the city knew a trick worth two of that; and has preferred to edge forth its boundaries wherever land is empty, carefully skirting round the inside of colliery villages so as to leave them (and their votes, forsooth) where they belong—in the County. Hence arises this strange cultural anomaly, corresponding to the odd companionship of castle and cathedral with the wretched little town, and as marked today as in the past, of an ancient place of learning which enjoys no deep community ties with its surrounding countryside. Perhaps it is nobody's fault but the nature of our times that this should be so. Yet something seems to be lacking.

The little city of Durham, true enough, has a flourishing music society and an active body of amateur actors: with a population of more than a million within easy bus ride, something more might be expected. Why no annual festival besides the great gala day of the Durham miners? Why no theatre? (There is only one in the County area, a little theatre at the Spennymoor Settlement, doing admirable work and often visited by the Arts Council: but even this, lamentably, has just lost its county grant of £500 a year.) An important university grows up in a town without so much as a second-hand bookshop, so far as I could see. For all its growth, there is still something dead about Durham.

As Mr. Green, the City Architect and Engineer, remarked with enthusiasm for his work, Durham may well offer "the greatest opportunity in town planning since Athens was built." Meanwhile the Mayor has added a pennant to the mayoral motor car, as befits a mayor in Coronation year. First things first . . .

BASIL DAVIDSON

Durham, March.

Eastern Germany

I. The Price of Progress

THANKS to the unique position of Berlin, so many lines of communication with the West have remained open that far more details are known about the life of Eastern Germany than about other Communist countries. One does not have to rely on the refugees in order to collect these facts. There are a great many people who work in Western Berlin but live in the Eastern sector, and many others who live in Western but work in Eastern Berlin. Yet others again, who both live and work in the Eastern Zone come to Berlin for shorter or longer visits. In addition to what I learnt from individuals in Berlin, I gathered a wealth of information from the official documents and decrees, the newspapers and other publications of the East German authorities.

If human progress can be measured with the yardstick of production figures, the Soviet Zone of Germany can boast of considerable achievements. Eastern Germany suffered far more intensely than Western Germany from the ravages of the war and its aftermath. Wartime destruction, the post-war dismantling of plants and installations, and the requisitioning of machinery, rails, cables, rolling stock, cattle and manufactured goods for reparation purposes all resulted in a massive reduction of the area's industrial potential. According to cautious estimates, by the spring of 1947, when dismantling ceased, the Zone's overall industrial capacity was reduced to only just over half its pre-war volume. Since then, Eastern Germany has made a prodigious effort to rebuild her ravaged economy, and from roughly the middle of 1949 onwards she has done so with considerable success in many fields. Exact details are difficult to discover because East German statistics consist now, like their Soviet model, mainly of percentages, but it appears to be a fact that many of the war and post-war losses have been made good and that, by 1952, total industrial output was already somewhat higher than it had been in 1936. Reconstruction has, however, been very uneven. Raw materials and capital goods industries have been expanded above the average.

The organisation of a planned economy in such difficult circumstances was bound to cause a great deal of (openly admitted) muddle and dislocation, with the result that very high achievements in some fields have gone side by side with disastrous failures in others. One has only to watch a crowd of East Berlin Germans, shabby and chronically over-tired, on their way to and from work to understand why they talk so much of "slave-driving" in the Russian Zone; indeed, they talk more of the drudgery of their lives than of the shortages of almost all consumer goods, from babies' nappies to domestic fuel, which are freely admitted—and usually attributed to sabotage—in the newspapers and speeches of politicians.

Since the war, all but a privileged élite have suffered from these shortages. At first, these were severe simply in consequence of the war and its aftermath. Then, for a time, things improved

little, but now a new, and probably more lasting period of shortages has begun which results directly from the Government's economic plan. Most of the available consumer goods, moreover, have now for a considerable time been sold exclusively in the Government-owned "free market" shops, which charge such high prices that their wares remain unattainable luxuries for the greater part of the population. Only rationed goods are sold more cheaply, but the ordinary rations are only just enough to sustain life. Supplementary rations (also at cheap prices) are available for certain people doing very heavy manual work as well as for that privileged group of leading technicians, managers, officials and assorted intellectuals and artists which, as in Soviet Russia, is now officially known as the "intelligentsia." The "intelligentsia" enjoys a great variety of advantages, ranging from very high incomes and special tax concessions to priority allocations of flats or houses and such highly coveted privileges as officially granted "weekends without politics."

Privilege, however, is not something exclusively reserved for the intelligentsia. On the contrary, as Party and Government propagandists never tire to point out, every one is free to compete for it, and it can be bestowed on anyone who successfully drowns all outmoded "leveller" prejudices and manages to do better than his fellow workers. The competitive spirit is incessantly invoked, and although it may owe less to Marxism than to "the sky's the limit" brand of ideology, the model is, of course, not America but, as they never omit to point out, the Soviet Union. After all, has not a Soviet Encyclopædia spoken of a "deplorable bias towards egalitarianism"?

For the mass of workers, wage and income scales, working norms, social insurance benefits and everything else that can have a conceivable bearing on productivity have been radically transformed so as to produce a maximum of incentives and sanctions. Wherever possible, time-rates have been replaced by piece-rates. In all key industries (which generally pay higher wages than the consumer goods industries), wage differentials between various grades of skill have been greatly increased and are to be increased even further. Special wage schemes have been devised for "Activists" and "Brigadiers." The wages of "Activists"—the East German equivalent of the Stakhanovites—are generally two or three times as high as average wages. In addition, they receive special bonuses—up to 10 per cent. of their basic wage if the plan is fulfilled and up to 25 per cent. if it is overfulfilled. "Brigadiers" are foremen in charge of a "working brigade," that is to say, a team of 10-20 workers engaged on a co-operative task. The "Brigadiers" receive, in addition to their wages, bonuses rising in steep progression with the percentages by which the team overfulfills the established norm. Similarly, departmental managers, production engineers and works directors all receive, in addition to their comparatively very high salaries, bonuses rising progressively with the overfulfilment of the plan. A works director in the coal mining industry, for instance, receives a bonus of 50 per cent. of his monthly salary if the plan is fulfilled.

Many of these novel rewards are thus not simple and straightforward incentives offered to those who work hard and successfully, but rather inducements for those in command to make others work harder. The carrot, or at least a large part of the carrot, is not for the donkey but for the man driving him on. But methods of direct incentives are used as well. Apart from the special wages and bonuses paid to the "Activists," there are awards of titles, medals and prizes for outstanding performances. All these distinctions are combined with considerable bonuses, as well as other privileges such as priority allocation of houses and scarce consumer goods, or free holidays in a health resort.

The number of people benefiting from these innovations has been tiny. For the majority of the working class they are simply new forms of ever-increasing pressure for harder and harder work. The chief method used to make this pressure effective is the so-called "technically founded working norm." This is a system in which norms are constantly adjusted to a level half-way between the hitherto achieved average and the top performance of the most outstanding "Activists." Those who cannot keep the pace are re-graded into lower groups of skill, with correspondingly lower wages. The social insurance system, too, has been adapted to this general pattern of graded privileges. Sickness benefits, as well as disability and old age pensions, are graded according to the previously received wages or salaries.

Even without the evidence of the huge number of people who prefer the miserable existence of a refugee to life in these conditions it would be plain that institutions and practices such as these must cause bitter resentment. But it is, of course, significant that of the East German refugees who, during the past year arrived in the West, more than 52 per cent. were workers (not counting another 4 per cent. registered as unemployed). And it is just as significant that a very large and growing part of the official East German propaganda consists of frantic appeals against the reactionary tendencies of *Gleichmacherei* (levelling) and "Social Democratism"—a term now frequently used to describe the faults of those who put the traditional values of working-class solidarity above the new spirit of competitiveness.

EVELYN ANDERSON

Budgets Primitifs

WHILE the French Government has been struggling at length with the National Budget, each of the 38,000 *communes* has calmly and swiftly voted its own. It is one of the paradoxes of the French that their natural prudence and provident outlook when in *conseil de famille* find little echo when in *conseil d'Etat*. The fact, even, that 13 or 17 municipal councillors can rapidly regulate the finances of their *commune*, and balance its annual budget, is rather remarkable in this country of individualists. It is no doubt partly because such a council, which is the average size for the country, only represents a population of between 500 and 2,000; thus the deliberations are nearer the family than the national level. Moreover, if the budget is not balanced, the laws of 1884 (and later amendments) that control in great detail the responsibilities of municipal councils provide for the intervention of the Préfet and for an arbitrary ruling from above.

But it is rare for a village or town council not to balance its budget. As within the family, expenditure is confined as far as possible to the known possibilities of income. Besides, the budget that each council has recently voted for 1953 is the *budget primitif*; any modification can be made later in the year when the supplementary budget appears on the agenda. Indeed, modifications are usually necessary, due to the system of local taxation, to the instability of prices, and to a major financial resource being derived from a tax instituted by Parliament. The latter, known as the *taxe locale* or *taxe sur les transactions*, is applied to all local purchases and trade accounts. It is a percentage tax, standing at $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. at the moment but liable to alteration by the Government. This fact caused several municipal councils, to my knowledge alone, to delay voting their budgets until the National Budget had been passed; but they grew tired of waiting.

Local rates, as known in Britain, are comparatively small, but form only a part of the financial resources of a *commune*. They are paid only by owners of buildings and land; the rates on land are reckoned according to the quality of the soil as well as the size of the fields. The remainder of annual income comes from a number of different taxes, most of which are applied in order to meet a certain expenditure. Thus, with the *taxe locale*, the communal financial burden falls more heavily, in proportion, upon the lower income groups; as does the national burden, of which three-quarters is met from indirect taxation.

Accustomed though they are to these niggling different taxes, even the French are becoming impatient with them. One evening recently, soon after our town council had voted its *budget primitif*, four of us were seated round the well-scrubbed table in the kitchen of a hotel-restaurant. René, the proprietor, was saying gloomily that the rateable value of his premises would be increased. "But surely that, at least, is normal?" I suggested, "as you've had a new wing built." René stroked his long Norman nose, a habit of his when doubtful. The other two looked at me a little pityingly, seeming to think that I had a peculiar outlook.

"The trouble is," said René, pouring out some more red wine, "we have too many different local taxes to pay." And he began to enumerate them on his fingers. "There's the habitation tax, the water tax—since we're lucky enough to have water laid on—and the tax for collecting refuse, that every householder has to pay."

"The last has gone up," said Lecomte, the coal and wood merchant. "I hear that the man who does the job wants more money because he's had to buy another horse."

"And there's the road-repair tax," added Collet, who has a grocer's shop in the main street. "That's been increased by a day." This tax, you see, is still based upon the old *corvée* system, when all the men had to put in so many days' work repairing the lanes of the *commune*. The system has not yet been changed in some of the remoter rural districts of the South; but else-

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where, fortunately, the value of each day's work is converted into cash. The tax form that I receive each year still says, however, that if I wish to settle the road-repair tax in kind I must give a month's notice of my intention. Some of the spaces for the many different taxes on the form remain blank, as though being held in reserve for any financial emergency.

"How about pianos?" I asked. "Has that tax ever been applied?"

"Not for some time, here," said Lecomte. "Few people own pianos now. Otherwise, it'd soon be put on again, don't you worry."

"Don't you think we've got enough taxes already then?" exclaimed René, counting on his fingers again. "There's the tax on dogs—and the *patente*, that we didn't use to have." This is paid by everyone using premises for trade or professional purposes—at least, by people using them openly and unable to disguise the fact. The National Tradespeople's Association is trying to get it abolished.

"And the pavement tax," went on René. "For putting my chairs and tables outside in the summer." . . . "And for my vegetable stalls in front of the shop," put in Collet. "The council's getting artful; the tax used to be so much per metre in length only, but now it's so much per square metre." . . . "Quite right too," growled Lecomte, who doesn't have it to pay. "Otherwise you'd have your stalls cluttering up the pavement right down to the gutter by now."

Whether there are so many different taxes because of the difficulties of getting money out of the French, or whether the people oppose tax-collecting because of its multifarious nature, is as disputable a matter as whether the hen or the egg came first. But it is certain that most villages and country towns—which form the great majority of the *communes* of France—are finding their resources insufficient to meet their compulsory expenses. For the laws of 1884, with more recent additions, impose certain charges upon every *commune*—notably the upkeep of the third-class lanes, the mairie, church and vicarage, the school buildings and teaching equipment. The mayor of a typical rural *commune* told me that his budget has almost doubled in total every year since 1947. He showed me the balance sheets for the present year. "Nearly five million francs we've voted," he said, as we sat in the one-room mairie; "and the population doesn't exceed six hundred—say two hundred families." An average contribution of about £25 per family, I mentally noted.

"And more than a quarter of the total this year is for labour and materials to keep my lanes in repair," he pointed out. "Fortunately, the road out there—" he nodded towards the open door "—is a *route départementale*, so it's not my responsibility. But the next *commune* isn't so lucky. And there are fewer people than here. So what happens?—they put down a barrowload of stones in the worst places, and let it go at that.

"Our *curé* keeps on at me to do some repairs to the vicarage," the mayor continued, smiling as though about to make a joke against himself. "I'd like to—it's not that I don't want to. But look—the *curé* pays a nominal rent of 100 francs a year to the *commune*, and the *commune* pays 7,000 francs in county rates for the vicarage. The Separation Act might have been all right at the time, but the Church must be laughing up its sleeve now. If the State returned all the church property it confiscated then, it'd be better off as a result, believe me."

He reached for his hat and we went outside. There was a notice on the door concerning the register of electors, in connection with the municipal elections which are everywhere due to be held early in May. The mayor nodded towards it. "I'm not at all eager to have another six years of office," he said. "But there's no one else wants the job. And it costs me about £100 a year in time and energy."

"Your honorarium certainly doesn't cover that."

"*Pensez-vous*! It's recently been raised to £35 a year for a *commune* this size—if the *commune* can afford it. But that's only to cover my travelling expenses."

Undoubtedly many other rural mayors are thinking the same, with the approach of the elections. There will be no lack of candidates as councillors, if only for political reasons; but the much more responsible office of mayor is going to be difficult to fill again, from among the members of each new council, except for mayors who need be no more than rubber-stamps and can leave the administrative affairs in the hands of a capable part-time parish clerk or a full-time town clerk. For the latter, like my own town clerk, M. Marchal, there is no elegant means of retiring from the fray. He himself is, as usual, managing our finances calmly and efficiently.

"We've balanced our budget by borrowing, at six per cent., like many other towns," he said as we set up the chess pieces for our weekly game. "One of our troubles is that the cost of things we have to do increases all the time. The repairs to the primary school will cost one-third more than when the council sanctioned them. And then, unlike some *communes*, we own practically no property. One field, that's all—and we have to pay county rates on that. True, we get ten francs every time someone wants the

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mayor to sign a document, to legalise it. But that doesn't amount to much. Now if only we had a cheese factory here, like the town across the river! Over there, they're rolling in money. Or look at Cagny—a poverty-stricken village it was, and along comes a sugar firm to build an immense refinery on its territory. So that now the *commune* is repairing the school and tarring its lanes and having water laid on and everything. *Elle est riche, riche!*"

M. Marchal spread his arms expansively and almost knocked the chess board from the table. Then he clasped his hands over his thinly covered head and stared for a long time at the board, immobile, so that it was difficult to know whether he was contemplating a Queen's side attack or considering how to persuade a cheese factory to set up in the town.

Calvados. LEN ORTZEN

Small Hours Reading

IN my childhood I was made to go to bed early and was not allowed to have my favourite food, kippers, sufficiently often. As a result I have never got over the joy of sitting up as late as I like, and of eating kippers as often as I like; and a perfect experience is to eat a pair of kippers at between midnight and two a.m. But enjoyment of the second of these freedoms is limited by appetite; or, rather, by shame, for it would look very greedy to eat more than one pair of kippers at a time. Even so my pleasure when we have kippers is beyond what could be explained by enjoyment of their taste, good though it is. As to the first of these freedoms, enjoyment of it has had a curious result: I detest going to bed at all and put it off as long as I can.

It is profitable to work, or to read "serious" books until about half-past midnight. Thereafter there is pleasure in reading a detective story. But the number of these works which it is possible to enjoy even in the uncritical small hours is disappointingly small, and one of the principal faults to be found with detective novelists is, oddly enough, poverty of imagination.

I am aware that the real addict reads these books for the puzzle; that there are certain rules which the authors must keep; and that therefore, as to place, character and motivation there should be a high degree of stylisation. But there must be thousands of readers who, like myself, want to be told a story. As a detective story reader I will give myself away at once by saying that I prefer Sherlock Holmes. Doyle's plots are various, ingenious and plausible, whereas those of the detective story writer today are similar, laboured and implausible.

The first implausibility is that of social class: all these novels seem to deal with murder in the middle and upper classes, whereas according to the books of famous criminal trials murder is most common in the lower-middle, or what one may perhaps call the shop-keeping classes. This is not surprising: among such people money is scarce but the enjoyment of it is understood. And where gain is not the motive, there is a passionate desire for the appearance of respectability which makes the enjoyment of, for example, illicit love, inconvenient. Murder in the upper classes is rare, for the motive of gain is less important, while a measure of sophistication makes for a wholesome indifference to appearances, and living in sin is preferred to murder.

The second implausibility is that of the amateur detective. One believes in Sherlock Holmes, not only because he is incredible, but because he flourished before 1914 when, apparently, anything was possible. But the modern amateur detective is a mass of inconsistencies. I simply do not believe that such agonisingly well-bred men as Lord Peter Wimsey, Mr. Alleyn, Mr. Campion *et alii* would frequent the police. The police, although perhaps necessary, are not good form. The policeman is, after all, only the obverse of the criminal. Apart from political policemen, like the one in *La Chartreuse de Parme*, I know of only one authentic policeman in literature and that is Javert, and Javert is pure criminal. I did not understand this until I had seen mounted policemen charge a radical mob, and then only did it occur to me that the policeman, by trade, frequents persons getting their bread by theft, fraud and violence; that it is his business to protect property, that is *le vol*; and that evil communications corrupt good manners.

Nevertheless it is necessary to think twice before barring the amateur detective. It is a fact that, with the exception of Maigret, official policemen in fiction are intolerably dull. I do not allow Alleyn to be an official: he is obviously an amateur, for all his status. There is evidently some difficulty in making police officials interesting: there have been great novels about priests and parsons, lawyers, doctors, soldiers, artists, artisans and idlers; but none about a policeman surely? So that one has to pardon the implausibility of the Wimseys and Fells and Campions and even Mr. Alleyn (but not their ever-so upper-class love stories).

A more serious fault is the want of imagination in plotting. If we cannot have the Camden Town-ish realism of Crippen, or the eroticist Rouse, or the plain bash over the head, then for heaven's sake let us have credible fancy. There is nothing done today to compare with the Red-Headed League, or with The Five Orange Pips. There is no invention, and the tales which appear in the London evening press are pitiful. It will be objected that it is easier to complain than to invent, and to avoid this reproach I will present to the first detective novelist with the *nous* to take it, a plot.

The richest man in Britain is murdered: there is absolutely no motive to be found. As this is fiction the victim can be universally respected and cherished. It is left to the amateur detective to discover what would simply never occur to a policeman: that the murderer is the Chancellor of the Exchequer who, intolerably pressed to reduce taxation in the face of falling revenue and rising expenditure, does the millionaire in for the Death Duty.

EDWARD HYAMS

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Tartan Bloomers

INHIBITIONS and complexes are queer things, like mixed metaphors. Some stay with us for life and some leave us like measles with time. I lost my complex about boys before I'd turned fifteen, but I can't see a pheasant, dead or alive to this day, without licking my bottom lip, and I'll tell you why.

It all happened a long time ago. So long, they were still taking tourists by four-in-hand up over Honister Pass.

Nipper and I stood hidden with our dogs, in a clump of hazel, just outside Lady Gaggletrap's pheasant covert. I was eight and a bit. Nipper was nigh on sixty-five. Perhaps I'd better explain Nipper. He needs explaining to everybody but me.

Six-foot-four, read the police records of three counties. Poacher, drunkard, sculptor in that order. The worst old reprobate this side of the Border, said my mother, and I met him under penalty of being boiled in oil. He was my paternal grandfather. A connoisseur of good game, but let's go back to the hazel clump. The coach from Grasmere rumbled past. "Yes Ma'am," the coachman was bawling, "I hunted with John Peel!" "The lying varmint," hissed Nipper, "he wasn't even breeched 'afore John Peel was long dead and well buried. Never," turning to me, "tell thumping great lies like that. It won't get you anywhere and it won't get you anything except a bad name. Come on."

We went. Crawling on our bellies through a hole in the fence, all four of us, Nipper, two dogs and me.

It was dusk. The hour between sunset and moonrise. The pheasants roosted in ones and twos. There were plenty of them. They perched all round us in the trees, and Nipper clouted the dogs. Without a whimper, they put head between front paws and ceased even to pant.

"You want to go after the hens," said Nipper, "they've got the biggest breasts. But see you get them the first time. If you don't, run for it; they holler something terrible." He grabbed a bird, one hand round its neck while the other held it tight against his side; and its head lay at my feet before I had a chance to say bite. Nipper wiped the back of his hand across his face, leaving one drop of blood to glisten on the grey stubble of his chin. I threw up. Half a pound of bull's-eyes, four green apples, two oranges and the remains of my Sunday dinner.

"That's enough of that," said Nipper. "I'll catch the bird and hold it, but you'll bite its head off!"

"It's poaching," I said.

"Poaching! May heaven protect me! And

from my own granddaughter an' all. Here! Catch a hold of this!"

I put my hand round the scrawny neck, closed my eyes and opened my mouth. The pheasant must have had the same idea, for the peck it gave me split my bottom lip. It was her last peck, her head lay beside that of the other and I was being hustled off. Dragged through hedges, pushed over walls, splashing ankle-deep in water. "Always take to the water," Nipper kept repeating. "It puts their dogs off." But I wasn't so easily pacified.

He stopped when it was safe and wrung the water from the bottom of his trousers. Then, having made sure his pheasants were still in his pocket, he turned on me.

"Are you going to stop that grizzling?" he shouted, "or am I going to give you something to grizzle about?"

"I've lost my bloomers!" I wailed, "and I'll get into such a trouble when I get home. Great Grandma Green will say I've been out with boys!"

"Lost your bloomers," gasped Nipper, "What d'you want to do that for? Eh? Have the law on us, that's what you'll do!"

I did, and five days later my mother prepared me to face it. A white straw hat was pulled well down over my ears, a blue reefer coat was fastened well up round my throat. My father's medals were pinned across my chest, and looking down I could see my face reflected in the shine from my black buttoned boots. "Shame you've brought on this house, this day, my lady," said mother. "Thankful am I that your poor father never lived to see it. He's turning in his grave at this moment, that's what he's doing." "Lost her bloomers! Out with boys! Tar and feather her! Throw her in the horse trough!" screeched Great Grandma Green.

My respectable grandfather, very red in the face, lifted me on to the trap. "Giddee up there," he said, as we trotted off down the lane. "I wasn't out with no boys," I said. "Of course not," he answered, "the bad old thing! Tell the truth and shame the devil, that's what you must do. Unless," looking at me out of the corner of his eye, "you were out with Nipper. In which case, it would be far better to say nowt. Ay. Nowt at all. Do you understand?"

Yes, I understood. The birch rod from the magistrates or boiling in oil by my mother.

Standing on my toes I could rest my chin on the shelf of the dock. Constable Kelly, known personally to me as Jelly Belly, brought a stool. I stood on that, looking with interest towards the back of the court, and goggled in amazement. Nipper washed! Nipper shaved! Nipper looking like everybody else's grandfather. Gold hunter, flowered buttonhole and gloves. Gloves! He saluted me with his hat. I fell off the stool. That opened my lip up again.

Everyone in court rose as the magistrates filed into their places. The chairman nodded. I nodded back. Life-long friends, he'd given me my first pony. Next, Sir John, who peered at me through twinkling, short-sighted eyes. We'd taken tea together on every Sunday but the last for years. Thirdly, my implacable enemy, the local doctor, he'd helped me into this world, and prayed nightly, I feel sure, that very soon he'd be able to help me out. And lastly, I shook with horror, the only person I really feared on earth, Miss Eunice Leatherbotham. She looked like Blacky, our trap horse, her face was full of teeth. Every time Nipper and I saw her we ran for it; he told me she'd been chasing him for thirty years—what chance had I got! I fell off the stool once more.

Constable Kelly brought in the evidence. The brace of pheasant heads he placed before the chairman, the rest he draped over the clerk's table. I was done for, there they were, tormentors of all my knowledgeable years! Not for me the subdued tartan of the downtrodden Lowlands, I was a Buchanan. My bloomers proved it!

The prosecution stated its case. Unable to secure either a yea or a nay from me, the plea had been entered not guilty. Who chopped the heads off two pheasants? It went on and on and on. They were my bloomers, they weren't my bloomers, I was too young. Not so young—I knew—I didn't know. A young rip, a young towrag, said the doctor and kept on saying it . . . young towrag . . . young towrag . . . a young towrag. "What's a young towrag?" at last I asked in desperation.

After a hurriedly whispered discussion, Sir John told me he thought it was some kind of young arab. I'd got my tongue back, and arab loosened it. "I'm English," I shouted, stamping my foot, "I've been out with no boys, and I've bit no heads off no pheasants!" "No," said the doctor, "by the look of that lip of yours, they very nearly bit the head off you!"

Miss Leatherbotham weighed in on my side, "She's an orphan, you know."

"Yes" agreed the chairman, "a war orphan!"

"Never let us forget that," nodded Sir John.

"Inconclusive and insufficient evidence," pronounced the chairman. "We find the case not proven."

A martyr's tears splashed and I was led sobbing from court. Waiting outside was Lady Gaggletrap, owner of pheasants bitten and unbitten. "Young poacher," she said. "What's a young poacher?" I asked.

LAURIE KAYE

The Arts and Entertainment

LENTEN FARE

By way of seasonable entertainment, the Third Programme has been performing two recent quasi-operas from Germany: Paul Dessau's *The Trial of Lucullus* and Hans Werner Henze's *A Country Doctor*. Both works were musically drab and would be scarcely worth discussion but for the fact that their drabness is becoming typical and seems almost deliberate.

We have heard a good deal about the political aspect of *Lucullus*, and much less about its music. Bert Brecht's drama, first written for radio in 1932, concerns the trial and condemnation, in the after-world, of a great Roman general. The opera received a single performance in March, 1951 at the Russian-controlled Berlin Staatsoper, and was at once withdrawn on ideological grounds: its conclusion savoured too closely of pacifism. Furbished with a new chorus of deceased soldiers "who make an exact distinction between justified defence-wars and unjustified aggression-wars" (a tricky line to draw in musical terms), *Lucullus* was later restored to the repertory. That the difference between the two versions is artistically negligible is not hard to believe.

Coming from the brilliant author of the *Dreigroschenoper*, *Lucullus* is curiously deficient in surprise, irony or suspense. It is true that the opera has enjoyed a mild success, but in present-day Germany the subject alone—the indictment of a war-lord for his crimes against humanity—was probably enough to ensure that. The music is self-abnegatory to a degree that I thought extreme until I heard *A Country Doctor*. No violins, no violas, no oboes, no clarinets, no bas-

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soons, no horns. Then what, you ask? Brass, string basses, marimbaphone, trautonium, accordeon, the usual devil's kitchen of assorted percussion, two pianos with their hammers equipped with nail-heads. Thus provided, the composer seems to have aimed at writing as little music as possible. Fanfares, choral recitatives, ranting semi-musical declamation over drum-rolls, much spoken dialogue—these fill out the brief score, which plays for about ninety minutes. The title role (by the way, the B.B.C. ought to know that "Lucullus" rhymes with "Catullus") consists for the most part of barely stylized blustering and shouting. A few monologues for members of the jury and for witnesses come nearest to providing the lyrical or continuously developed music for which the ear craves; among these, the Fishwife's lament for her dead son stands out for a certain atmospheric and imaginative quality. It is strange that its composer should have shown elsewhere so little ambition.

Stranger still is the case of Hans Werner Henze. This very young composer has recently scored a success with his opera, *Boulevard Solitude*, a modern version of the Manon theme. I do not know whether his radio opera is an earlier or later production. To say that is it based on Kafka's story, *Ein Landarzt*, would be an understatement: it practically *is* Kafka's story. The performer of the doctor's role reads out verbatim Kafka's text, which is written in the first person. When one of the minor characters has a sentence, he or she is usually allowed to sing it, and very occasionally, for a few phrases, the doctor himself lapses into uncomfortable song. In this manner, to a vague orchestral background, we hurry through seven closely printed pages of prose in half an hour. Since the story has all Kafka's mysterious power of creating the atmosphere of a quiet and thoroughly sensible nightmare, the result remains fitfully impressive; but the composer's contribution is perhaps the slenderest in the history of opera.

What strange compulsion has induced these two composers, who are by no means alone in their attitude, to renounce the legitimate claims of music? Partly, no doubt, the feeling that music has always tended to swamp the dramatic side of opera and needs to be kept firmly in its place. For instance, we are told that Carl Orff "has made a clean break with the old traditions of opera," that he "has deliberately set out to kick over the traces of theatrical fantasy as the nineteenth century strove for it," that his "melody is never allowed to dissolve in the intoxication of ecstasy, but remains ever cold and pertinent," and so on. Well, it is true that opera needs to be perpetually reborn, and that most of the reforms of the past have ostensibly aimed at restoring the balance in favour of drama. But it is also arguable that, whatever the reformers may have said, what they actually did was to make a channel for a new kind of music which they wanted to write. Despite their protestations, all the great opera composers of the past, whether conservative or radical, have had one thing in common: a burning need to pour out floods of music. Those who felt no such need (such as Dargomizhsky) are the secondary figures. History supports the unequivocal statement of Rimsky-Korsakov that "an opera is first and foremost a musical work." The great need for the composer of today is to discover, in terms of modern idiom and sensibility, how to load every rift of his drama with the golden ore of music. We have had enough recitative, let us have some aria. We have had enough percussion, let us have some tune.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

TWO NEW PLAYS

WITH *The White Carnation* Mr. R. C. Sherriff has had a brilliant idea which, rather surprisingly for so practised an entertainer, he fails to make the best of. This is a ghost story with a charming difference, for John Greenwood, ex-stockbroker, now seven years dead, is not a spooky, mysterious, frightening ghost, he's an ordinary everyday Englishman of a ghost, a surprised ghost, who feels as full of life as you or I, and who has to be persuaded by a scientifically unsurprised doctor that his heart doesn't beat nor his blood circulate. He is haunting his own house where seven years before a flying bomb killed him, his wife and guests, at their Christmas Eve party. Officialdom is much put out by this apparition, since ghosts aren't catered for by a bureaucracy and anyhow the house he has come back to haunt is scheduled for demolition, the site to be used for a block of council flats.

Mr. Sherriff's first act exposes this amusing situation at a leisurely pace and drops hints of an interesting development. The late John Greenwood was a man with a high opinion of himself and a sense of grievance against his wife. In the second act we expect, alongside a fresh series of bureaucratic complications, some exploration of his character and relationships while he was alive. It is just here that we are disappointed. We get something, it is true, but only a crumb, and a rather stale small crumb it turns out to be. Fortunately, the trite little solution is only offered in the last few seconds and just after we have been compensated in advance by a delightfully clever theatrical trick. But it does mean that we remember nothing from the evening—except that we have been mildly diverted throughout—when the subject promised much more.

The interest in the acting centres almost exclusively on Sir Ralph Richardson who gives one of those characteristic performances which delight his admirers. As for me, I am still bewildered by him, even in so straightforward a part as this one. Perhaps the explanation is that he is the first of a new school of abstract, or non-representational actors. For surely he has abstracted from his acting the whole element of impersonation. About John Greenwood in this play, for instance, we are told that he was a self-made man who started as an office boy and that he was the kind of man who was rude to his wife in public and was only interested in money. One knows the type, but one would certainly not have guessed that it was the one aimed at in Sir Ralph's extraordinary performance, any more than one would have guessed lately that his Macbeth was a soldier or, in an earlier Sherriff play, that his bank manager had ever looked at a ledger. This is not to deny that his performance has a weird, odd power of its own. Miss Meriel Forbes plays up nicely to Sir Ralph as the sole sympathetic friend, and Mr. Harcourt Williams is charmingly inconsequential as the local vicar. What a pity Mr. Colin Gordon had a part with so little meat on it, for he produced two or three superbly wicked touches of observation as a High Grade Civil Servant! The rest of the acting should have been better.

The Embassy, Swiss Cottage, has brought to London the play which, at Chesterfield, won an Arts Council Award for the best new play staged by a repertory company. *The Herald Angels* is a comedy that goes all out to charm, and in part succeeds. It is set in a small Italian village near Florence and its characters are the leading village people who at this season of the year, are accustomed to entering the local mime competition. But this year, just as they are starting their rehearsals, their producer, the local carpenter and Mayor, who has managed their lives and their mime alike for many years, wakes up one morning and decides that he is becoming a Saint. He has visions and feels wonderfully light-headed, and he grandly but happily dissociates himself from mundane affairs.

The authoress conducts her comedy amusingly, but at present her dialogue is altogether too verbose. As it is, the actors are held up all the time by having too many useless words in their mouths. Still, under Mr. Laurence Payne's imaginative direction they keep the fun going; and they are a nicely assorted collection. There is Mr. Reginald Dyson as the fat and fiery innkeeper, Mr. Hugh Pryse as the shrinking deputy Mayor, Miss Sheila Burrell as the local trollop, and Miss Selma Vaz Dias as the long-suffering wife of the saint, a part well taken by Mr. Alwyne Whatsley, and the smaller roles are well enough done. Mr. Stephen Doncaster provides a decor which sets the note of charm at once and it is admirably lighted.

T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

"OCCASIONAL" broadcasting—and this includes the programmes for feast days and holy days—raises problems that could be solved only if there were such a thing as a uniform national taste. There is not, and we feel the planners' difficulties. What *is* assumed (and, I think, incorrectly) is that the negative and commonplace are also the most serviceable. At the death of the King last year we had a long radio silence, which was impressive, and gave, as nothing else could have done, an effect of shock; but it was hard after a time on loyal listeners. In the case of Queen Mary, where the event was, at least, not unforeseen, the

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programmes still seemed pleasingly informal and tentative; but though slightly more liberal, they were not at all enterprising. The changes were of a midway nature; neither drastic nor magnificent. On the first night, for instance, the three services assembled; military band music, choral singing, speeches were provided, also a play: *Cavalcade*—a good idea, but an over-familiar choice. Television, more adventurously, offered *A Boy with a Cart*, by Christopher Fry. (The following night, when the more riotous variety programmes were, quite suitably, laid aside, the Third was also affected—though here the authorities could not have been accused of banality. The interesting Sterne programme *Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman*, to which I had hoped to give a proper critical hearing, was gone. It was replaced by two informative but unexpected talks: one on African Rhythms, the other on *Artifice in Breeding*.) A programme of the right kind was the hour's tribute of reminiscences on Sunday night, with Sir Compton Mackenzie as linking commentator; there has been all too little, so far, to balance the funereal descriptions. The B.B.C.'s anxiety and good intentions are evident; but one feels the absence of a bold imagination; the absence, too, of the historical writer's part on the occasion.

The ceremonial days apart, however, it has been a fair week for experiment. Perhaps the most striking and curious work was a ninety-minute feature by Edward Hyams (*Jam Vinctae Vites*) on the remote history of a vine—growing in Southern England today. Any listener who surrendered to its length and to its episodic and chronicle manner must have found this a remarkable broadcast—rewarding, too, in that the author's sharp style, queer knowledge and profuse ideas fell, unusually, into a preconceived form.

Outside the Anglican Church, the role of cleric is, dramatically speaking, almost infallibly effective. Accepting this, I would still like to pay tribute to Victor Rietti for his part (in an unpretentious production of that village morality *To Live in Peace*), as the country priest whom his kinsman, the Emperor, wishes to make a Cardinal.

It was gratifying to note that the Grand National Commentary provided, in spite of a mishap or two, a demonstration of the B.B.C. professional at his unrivalled best. The less familiar Irish voices were inclined to keep at a pitch of excitement at which only one, or two, vocal notes are available. Not so the seasoned Mr. Glendenning and his companion, whose controlled emotion and syntactical aptness allowed us to miss not a word nor a detail of the event within their section.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"Les Belles-de-Nuit," at the Rialto
"The Cruel Sea" at the Leicester Square
"The Navigator" at the National Film Theatre

René Clair's *Les Belles-de-Nuit* was the pride of that recent week of festival at the Rialto (a week, on the whole, of disappointments), and now it can be seen by everyone. Not to see it would indeed be to miss gaieties, twists of fancy and sentiment, that could only have issued from Clair. I went, for a second time, hoping to find the little bit more that distinguishes the best Clair from Clair doing his best. More and more his theme engages: serial dreaming, not in the Dunne sense, but as the story-making we all enjoy, usually in daydreams or in the moments before sleep takes over. Why shouldn't the dreamer dart between half a dozen entanglements and in and out of the pages of history? The idea came to Clair—we are told in Georges Charensol's *René Clair et les Belles-de-Nuit* (Editions du Cerf)—a couple of years ago when he was walking up Fifth Avenue. On a scrap of paper he noted down, "Une idée d'*Intolérance* comique," and a year or so later the film had been shot and assembled. We learn, from M. Charensol's alert devotion, to appreciate the difficulties of giving substance to such an idea, of keeping it quick and light. Remarkably, *Les Belles-de-Nuit* doesn't hang heavy or lose its way; but to keep always going it has had to be content with some rather sketchy effects. Farce, improvisation, sentimental charades, and anachronisms strike a level rather below what was originally aimed at; and neither the décor nor the music have quite the allure that helped to establish *Le Million* or *A Nous la Liberté*. Still, with a distracted Gérard Philipe, three dream girls, and old faces such as Cordy's, it remains a film naturally enjoyable for which we may be grateful in a sad world.

The Cruel Sea is Ealing's semi-documentary of a corvette during the war, and an unusually good one. The tradition that films about the Navy should be long, slow, decent, and restrained is kept up: we start in with the humours of training, we look for the war, we find it and are shocked, we grow tired of it, and still the war and the film go on till both are exhausted. Here once again the battle of the Atlantic convoys is fought out with a few interludes off Gibraltar, at home, and in Baltic waters. What raises *The Cruel Sea* above other pieces of the kind is its extra ounce of realism, and the solidity of its chief characters—especially the Captain, played by Jack Hawkins. This is as fine an all-round performance as I have seen in any English film for a long time; and round it the narrative moves on to make its gradual discoveries—the first torpedoing, the first U-boat, and so on. Unemphatically, it reaches also conclusions hardly avoidable: that war is a bloody business, and that the only good German (for the time being) is a dead German, though picked up with oil in his lungs he's not much different from our own poor chaps. The film does advance realisation a little with its glimpses of death in the oily waters; and the direction of Charles Frend keeps a firm hold on detail. But it remains a discreet improvement on the films of ten years ago—on *Western Approaches*, say, and *In Which We Serve*—rather than an achievement in its own right.

The kind sea returns in *The Navigator*. This second Buster Keaton film to be revived at South Bank may not be quite so crystal-cut as the first. But the classical seriousness gets to work and our hero (where could one find a more admirable?) starts promenading a crewless liner with an echo—the steps, unknown to him, of the girl who has lately turned him down. After miracles of avoidance he starts to pursue; the walk becomes a run, the run a tearaway gallop; an idyll follows in which they move into the ship's boilers and boil eggs in cisterns. Yes, here's gold again.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Recent Paintings by Yves Alix, at Roland, Browse and Delbanco

This is the first London exhibition of Alix's work. He was born in 1890 and is in the honourable second rank of French painters: among artists like Gromaire, Pignon, Desnoyer, who, because they are as professional as good carpenters, avoid the frequent mischievousness of the more notorious and are quite unpretentious in their humanity, are undoubtedly helping to establish the future tradition. The English have a talent for tackling the impossible. A French artist like Alix makes no bones about working within his means. It is easy to talk of influences—de la Fresnaye, Gromaire, Villon: to point out that his colour (brash and luminous like that of boiled sweets or lollipops) is repetitive: to complain that his formalisations are a crude formula; but if you isolate one of these pictures and really study it, you realise how much such judgments omit. These paintings—their subjects are mostly harbours and landscapes with figures, in Brittany and the South—have been *built*; they are not evocative fragments of half-recollected experience. The formalisations have originally been extracted, not imposed. Their crudeness is often strength. Notice how when Alix divides a sky into apparently arbitrary blues and yellows, the geometric arrangement is charged with observation of the way a shaft of sunlight does indeed cut segments out of cloud and hill. Look in the harbour scene (No. 1) at the receding fleet of masts; they are placed—in terms of depth and level—with the deliberation

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of a cribbage player marking his score with the pegs. See in *Cork Tree beside the Bay* the confident unity between distant landscape and the expressive features of the close-up faces. Occasionally Alix falls into caricature and occasionally his colour "detaches itself" from his subject, but at his best he reminds us, by example, that healthy art is at least as much a question of beer and skittles as absinthe and *Angst*.

J. B.

"L'Enfant Prodigue," at the Arts

This syrupy slice of French sentiment of the Nineties, condensed into a neat mime play, with even neater music by André Wormser, is a difficult piece to present successfully at this time. Played at full strength it would inevitably seem sentimental beyond bearing, or appear to the modern audience as nothing more than that outworn joke—the guying of Victorianism. To avoid ridicule it is therefore necessary to play *L'Enfant Prodigue* on the dry side, although in this way it loses a certain amount of period flavour. Archie Harradine has produced it in this style with finish and taste, himself playing the heavy provincial Papa with a richer sentiment than the other actors dare. There is not much conviction about Elaine Woodson's Mama, her make-up being too crudely put on to disguise her youthful complexion and her miming being too set with stereotyped ideas of how all fond and distressed mamas behaved in the nineteenth century. The prodigal son himself is mimed by Yoma Sasburgh who, though she has not quite a strong enough personality to take the stage with the dash that the title role demands, nevertheless acts with a quiet understanding and delicacy, while her looks have just the right quality of boyish conceit and gaucherie. The other two characters, the seductive laundress who leads the young man to ruin and the bad baron to whom she turns as soon as money runs short, are also excellently represented by Sara Luzita and Harold Turner. But there is something so twee and fusty about this moral mime play that it seems as dated today as an antimacassar on a bent wood chair.

A. F.

Correspondence

KENYA

SIR,—I crave the hospitality of your columns to allow me to reflect on the talk given by Mr. Michael Blundell in the Home Service under the title of "Kenya and the Mau Mau." Indeed a gallant effort to win the sympathy of the people of this country, and I wish every success to his mission; but with what success his attempt to direct the opinion of England against Africans, in particular Kikuyus, will meet, I cannot say as I have not yet had the fortune to know well the people of this country, as I know the Europeans in Kenya; and the contrast may be superficial.

It was a relief to a Kenyan like me to learn of all the reforms, such as higher wages, greater economic opportunities, better farming conditions, etc., which Mr. Blundell said he and his colleagues in "Legco" aim to introduce. May one dare to ask if these conditions were denied to Africans till now? Is it an indirect admission of the lack of these satisfactory conditions for natives? It is always strongly denied in Kenya (by the Europeans, of course) that one of the roots of unrest in Kenya lay in the economic handicap of Africans. But if the Kenya Government, as Mr. Blundell suggests, are at this late moment still pondering and arguing over the economic reforms, one is apt to believe what has always been said in your journal, that the dissatisfaction amongst Africans was the major cause of unrest.

Mr. Blundell also laid a great stress on offering the Christian faith as an alternative, and gave the same reason for the courage and survival of the "loyal" Africans, who are in constant fear of decapitation and other Mau Mau atrocities. To that one might say that what he offers are only words that do not help to fill the empty stomach. It is agreed that the "loyal" Kikuyus are very few, and one may think its reason as being that the great morals and way of life taught by Christianity were brought home to Africans in theory only; and they, when they saw the emptiness of this great faith preached by those who did not practise it, lost their faith. The example given by Mr. Blundell of the carpenter serves to prove it. He said that this man was intelligent and was found to be a leader of Mau Mau. Why, one would ask, does this barbaric and violent movement appeal to these intelligent young men? Is it because that there was no better alternative forthcoming, or is it because, as I said, the alternative offered was only preached and not practised?

Another conspicuous feature of the talk was an absence of any reference to a large proportion of the population of Kenya, the Asians, who are suffering the outcome of this unrest as much as, if not more than, Europeans. Where does Mr. Blundell suggest should be the place of this section of society of Kenya, without whose co-operation, investments and goodwill this fair land of Kenya would be barred from a steady progress? May Mr. Blundell be reminded that, due to the neutral position of these Asians, they can provide a far more peaceful remedy and help towards the evolution of a multi-racial society in Kenya, which is a far goal otherwise. And their neutral position can only be proved by the fact that they don't sleep with their pistols in their hands and do not send away their servants at sunset which, unfortunately, Mr. Blundell has to do.

Lastly, Mr. Blundell suggests that the trouble is confined to a small area and in the rest of Kenya development is proceeding, with Africans and Europeans working together against the common enemy. This is one thing I never had the good fortune to witness in Kenya during my 18 years there. Africans and Europeans working together—the stars of Kenya are shining bright!

EX-RESIDENT

FEDERATION SAFEGUARDS

SIR,—In the *Manchester Guardian* of March 26, it is reported that Mr. Welensky, leader of the elected members of the Northern Rhodesian Legislative Council, took strong exception to the statement of Mr. Dugdale, a former Colonial Minister, that if the Labour Party were returned to power in Britain, it would see that the African safeguards under the new Constitution were operated "to the full." He forecast strained relations if Labour were returned, and said: "Gentlemen of Mr. Dugdale's views have been responsible for colonists throwing tea into a harbour, and it is time someone told him of it."

Mr. Welensky's knowledge of history is obviously superficial, and his threat about "throwing tea into a harbour" is indiscreet, from his own point of view. The Boston "Tea Party," organised by the American colonists, was a demonstration against tyranny and arbitrariness. The aims of the American colonists who severed their British connection were subsequently enshrined in the "Unanimous Declaration of the 13 United States of America," and includes the following passage:

> We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it.

Mr. Welensky will observe that this illustrious document does not say "that all *White* men are created equal." The Declaration proceeds to enumerate a long list of injuries and usurpations of the King of Great Britain. What crime has the British Labour Party committed against the people of Central Africa, White or Black? And what is wrong with Mr. Dugdale's statement? Mr. Welensky's geography is also somewhat confused. He must seek inspiration in Georgia of the South, not in Boston of the North. If he intends staging a "Tea Party," he should not ignore the six million Africans who are vitally affected and who might stage a "Tea Party" of their own, not against the British Labour Party, but against Mr. Welensky, who himself indicates that Federation might cause some reaction such as strikes, among Africans. Hitherto we have been accustomed to hear threats from the leaders of the Nationalist Party of South

April

Absorbed in their play, children know little of the complicated world outside their own homes and schools. Parents and others responsible for them bear this in mind and wisely turn to the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company when making provision for their future.

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Africa when Britain has adopted a more progressive policy towards the Colonial peoples. Has Mr. Welensky allied himself with Dr. Malan?

I feel confident that the British Labour Party and the British people will not be intimidated by the threats of either Dr. Malan or Mr. Welensky, and will do everything possible now and when the Labour Party is returned to power, to safeguard the few rights accorded to the Africans under the Federation scheme. Indeed it is hoped that they will go much further and, in the interests of the Europeans and the millions of Africans, will seek to secure peace, racial co-operation and real all-round economic progress on the African Continent, and thus help to eliminate the abysmal poverty and oppression from which the African people are suffering, and the widespread fear which is the lot of the Europeans.

E. S. SACHS

THE RISK OF PEACE

SIR,—There is only one politically, psychologically and morally defensible reply to Russia's fumblings after an end of the Cold War. That is a speedy, sincere and substantial gesture of conciliation by the West. There seems to me to be a reasonable chance that public opinion in the West will force its Governments into negotiation, and that Europe will get a breathing space: whether this takes place will depend on the strength of the pressure which every one of us can bring to bear. But there is a possibility for which we should be prepared. Every occasion in the past when peace has threatened to break out has been the signal for a calculated act of provocation whose object has been unmistakable. The Yalu bombing was the last example.

I am not going to predict where the unfortunate error, the regrettable failure of liaison, the routine military patrol, the police action, the snafoo, or the leakage will take place. We need not wait until it has been deeply regretted by Mr. Eden and then excused to a furious House of Commons on the ground that really nobody meant any harm. If we make it clear that we know what is brewing, that we will recognise both its authors and its purpose when it comes, and that we are going to beat it, we may for once get there first. It is, I suppose, just possible that Mr. Eden conveyed a nuance of this kind to Mr. Dulles, who has a close statistical, if not casual, relationship to several of the great snafoos of the past. If he did not, might we perhaps do it for him?

ALEX COMFORT

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL CAP

SIR,—William Fienburgh raises some interesting points with regard to our educational system in general. But it is all too easy to sling mud at our schools without distinguishing between useful and useless criticism, and between criticism which is directed at temporary difficulties and those which are inherent in the present educational set-up. May I content myself with one point Mr. Fienburgh raises, the 11 *plus* exam.? It is just not true that with the glorious conglomeration of the Comprehensive school you would be able to dispense with this exam. Some efficient method of selection for Grammar school work must be devised, and it must be applied at the age of 11, when the two sexes are competing on fairly equal terms. Thus the existence of the Comprehensive school will not make this exam. unnecessary. Moreover, the present tripartite system permits later transfers where mistakes have been made.

The valid argument for the Comprehensive school is that the present system, because it makes selection public, and because it draws attention to successes and failures, often does irreparable harm to the whole mental attitude of the "failures" in their Secondary Modern school. Moreover, the present system permits too much centralisation in secondary education and destroys any possibility of a unity of purpose as between the primary and secondary schools. A primary school supplies two or more different schools. A secondary Grammar or Modern school gets its intake from as many as half a dozen primary schools in the district (all, no doubt, using different methods).

Add to these factors the fact that the Secondary Modern school has no concrete and realisable aim, and you will see that this sort of school is at present faced with a practicably insuperable problem. No wonder that the children there have "given up," especially after the Grammar and Technical school transfers have been made.

The solution lies in one school which not only unites the three streams of secondary education but which also has its own primary department with which it can co-operate. That is what several public day schools have been doing for years (St. Paul's and Highgate are examples). Only in this way can children be made to respond throughout their education to a consistent and logical pattern, the hall-mark of a good educational system.

Northiam, Sussex. GUY BARNETT

ARTISTS AND CRITICS

[We print below a selection from the many letters received on this subject and we apologise to those correspondents from whose letters we have been able to print only extracts.]

SIR,—The best part of four columns in your journal last week was given over to personal attacks on me—mostly as a substitute for answering my arguments. I hope therefore your readers will excuse one autobiographical paragraph.

All my life I have been passionately concerned with painting. Besides practising as a painter, I have tried to think about and *for* art. But I have tried to think beyond the tip of the painter's brush; and, as a consequence, it has been my concern for art which has largely led to my general political and social convictions. Far from my dragging politics into art, art has dragged me into politics. My detractors' charge of parochialism should rebound upon themselves. Offering no solution of their own to the present chaos, they are unable to conceive that anyone should suggest that art must *serve*—for the sake of its own health. I deny that my convictions limit my judgment and refer those, who state that they do, to what I have written about painters as far removed from what they imagine I mean by Realism, as Peter Langon, Vieira da Silva, Frances Hodgkins, Jacques Villon, Jankel Adler, etc., also to the students of most of the London art schools who, I am presumptuous enough to believe, will support this denial. Students, being far less frightened of unfashionable labels, judge by what one says, not by what they fancy one may stand for.

The week before last Mr. Heron wrote a long letter. May I, more briefly, answer four of his points?

(1) He implies that the energy of the critic should be dispensed in some direct ratio to the number of works produced within each style of painting. If this were so, we ought all to be spending most of our time writing about pseudo-Impressionism.

(2) He accuses me of making propaganda for "an artistic development" which I hope "to assist into being." He then follows this up by rightly pointing out that criticism can only explain movements which already exist. But in his next paragraph he says that the trends I champion "were all there, well-known in their separate fields" long before my "attempt to synthesise them." Precisely. And what is the aim of synthesis if not explanation?

(3) He declares that the road I take leads to the belief that art and propaganda are one. This makes as much sense as saying that men and chairs are one because they both have legs. Art and propaganda are similar in so far as they are both concerned with convictions about life—which much contemporary painting and sculpture isn't. They differ in the time and mood needed to appreciate them and in the profundity and relative truth of their conclusions.

(4) He says that "Hell with the audience" is the only attitude for the painter at work. If he means by this—while *actually* working, I agree and have never disputed it. The painter then needs all his energy for his canvas, and anyway his convictions as a man must be sincere enough to affect his work intuitively. If, however, he means, as I suspect, that it is the only attitude for the painter during his life as a whole, this argument can stop, for we have reached the crux of it. Mr. Heron can cite a few individuals from the last two hundred years; I, every healthy *tradition* from the last 40,000.

Last week, Sir Herbert Read, just because he is essentially a "museum-critic," failed to understand the difference between a work of art in its live context

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and an *objet d'art* under a glass case, quoted a passage from Yeats which frankly I didn't understand, and then went on to assert—without giving any reasons—that what I consider a failure he considers a success. The only point worth taking him up on is his perverse interpretation of what I meant by "local and urgently everyday issues." He flings Watteau, Renoir, Chardin and Cézanne at me. But the last three, at least, were great and have become universal precisely because their art did originally spring from their commitment to their local and everyday environment. They are exactly the sort of painters I myself would quote to support my argument that the artist, without the support of a firm tradition, can only express a general truth through his experience of the particular.

Mr. Gillie believes that a Masaccio altar-piece, removed from its Italian church to the National Gallery, loses none of its power. Considered as a museum-piece, no. Considered as a filament to light the lives of the people around it, yes. He then questions my statement that art springs from fairly simple convictions about life. I meant to refer specifically to the visual arts. But even so I admit a paradox here. A Rembrandt portrait *is* complex just as a Chardin *is* universal. I believe, however, that the fundamental allegiances of both men were simple and local. They were far more *direct* men than, for instance, Voltaire or Marx.

At the end of his letter, Mr. Gillie admits that the causes of the condition of modern art "lie deep in the history of our whole civilisation and in its present tendencies." That's all very well. But he doesn't attempt to say why or how. I do.

JOHN BERGER

SIR,—In the case of the Unknown Soldier in Westminster Abbey and the Cenotaph, the choice was for a plain stone slab, with inscription, and a stone column hardly more symbolic than the average gravestone in a country churchyard. Now these choices were not made because the idea of something more monumental had not entered the responsible authorities' heads, but because it was decided that no monument or symbol would suffice. They are designed to impress by their very absence of monumentality in comparison with the elaborate commemorations of trivialities all about them.

In the present case, there was no spontaneous demand for a memorial to Political Prisoners. A committee, and an unknown donor, *set out to do some good for the art of sculpture*, and lighted on this subject. The result proves that it is not possible to commemorate Political Prisoners by means of a monument. But what does it prove about the artists? Until the £4,000 prize was mentioned, most of them might have agreed that it was an impossible subject. It was implied by the rules of the competition that any competitor suggesting just a plain gravestone would be out of order. The result was a sort of Charge of the Light Brigade of artists against an impossible objective. To have done justice, the committee should have sought out as wide a range as could be found of subjects and actual sites for which monuments are desired, and let the competitors have a go at any or all of them.

ROY W. SIMPSON

SIR,—I am not concerned to discuss Mr. Berger's artistic valuation of the "Political Prisoner" competition. I even accept his verdict that the competition is a complete failure, but I disagree with his general line of reasoning. This runs briefly as follows: the entries represent Modern Art; the competition is a failure; therefore Modern Art is a failure.

I suggest that the question put to the competitors could not be answered by non-representational Art any better than the equation $y = ax^2$ could be answered by Realistic Art, or perhaps by any Art form at all. Make a similar competition for the musicians, and nobody will be indignant to find no similarity to any known, or unknown political prisoner in it.

Modern Art puts an emphasis on the pleasure to be desired from the relation of forms and colours, devaluating the importance of a literary content. The failure is due to the fact that the I.C.A. did not appreciate that Art as a means of political propaganda may give successful propaganda but not real Art.

The "farce" is that the jury pretend to see in non-representational Art a well hidden political prisoner, because they prefer this sort of Art. Nevertheless it is also a "farce" that Mr. Berger infers from the absence of a political prisoner, the decline of Modern Art because he does not like such Art.

JANUSZ NEKANDA-TREPKA

SIR,—Mr. Berger seems to have drawn down the wrath of the Gods—doubtless, with some justification. Sir Herbert Read has put forward a sounder basis for criticism. But neither Sir Herbert (whose "smearing" of your critic I deplore) nor correspondents face up to the central fact in this discussion—namely, the exhibits. Mr. Berger stated nothing but the honest truth when he said that the whole show was deplorable—it was indeed. Many persons, sympathetic to modern trends, must have come away from The Tate with a desperate feeling that something was wrong somewhere. Mr. Butler's entry was rightly praised—but it was relative praise when one considers the names of those who did not submit models. Certainly when one considers many of the entries chosen I am tempted to doubt Sir Herbert's plea of the artist's sincerity. No, Mr. Berger's theories may be unhelpful, his philosophy unattractive but this eyesight is perfectly adjusted—and he had the courage to put down in black and white that the general average was a mockery. I suggest, again, that many unprejudiced individuals came to a similar conclusion.

RICHARD CHASE

SIR,—It would seem that there is a far greater divergence of opinion between Mr. Heron and Mr. Berger than the latter cares to admit. There is something more fundamental than a mere misunderstanding over the meaning of the term "new realism." Mr. Heron, I believe, is looking for something in contemporary art which is much more relevant to our present situation than Mr. Berger's "rational, constructive art which can comment upon, and express fairly objectively and with a sense of human purpose, the development of the life they witness around them." Such an art, I believe, is not basically revolutionary enough; at least not sufficiently revolutionary to pierce our present predicament. I can see this type of art, at best, producing only a more integrated and unified vision of our existing civilisation. Mr. Heron, on the other hand, looks for something more essentially revolutionary in his "true abstraction"—a type of painting he is at pains to differentiate clearly from mere formalisation. True abstraction, he finds, is something which is "slowly abstracted from the conflicting subtleties of experienced vision. True abstraction is the fruit of experience: it cannot be faked."

Of course, Mr. Heron, in turn, begs the question by not defining his use of the word "experience." I take it, however, that he implies that true abstraction can only come out of an acute sensory awareness of the object by the painter, an awareness so fresh and acute that it is almost an act of mutual-identification, an act in which subject discovers itself in object and vice versa. (A world away from Mr. Berger's "fairly objective expression.") The artist attempts to express this act of interpenetration of subject-object through a language of visual symbols. The components of his painting—see Klee, for instance, or Lanyan—are always visual symbols (not elements of design or surface pattern) which attempt to communicate the whole experience in its living nature, not merely a conceptual essence of it.

As such I suggest that Mr. Heron's true abstraction is likely to be far more important than Mr. Berger's new realism. The true abstractionist is attempting to renew human consciousness at its roots by reviving and resentising our sensory awareness.

R. H. BOWDEN

SIR,—There is an aspect of the problem which seems to have escaped Sir Herbert, Mr. Heron and others. All are only too anxious to equate contemporary realism with Communism (thus hoping no doubt to do a disservice to both) but none has given a thought to the commitments of the other kinds of art. I suggest that we might equate it with capitalism (or "the Western way of life," "free enterprise" or whatever it is now fashionable to call the system we suffer under). Now I am *not* saying that all non-realist painters or critics are conscious supporters of capitalism. I know many who are not. But I would point out that by reducing profound human values to a shilling's-worth of bent wire Mr. Butler is playing into the hands of the reactionaries and he and those of our non-realists who for instance express humanity in terms of dead tree trunks, evil thorns, screaming nightmares, dug bones or worn pebbles are producing propaganda quite as much as Riveta, Orozco or any of the "committed" realists. The effect of this propaganda on the public (and it is this which really counts, not the artist's *intention*) is to induce a feeling that life is of little value and mankind not worth worrying about. I fear that *all* art is propaganda. The fundamental problem in this debate is whether it should be propaganda for man or against him.

PATRICK CARPENTER

THE AUSTIN STRIKE

SIR,—From the article on the Austin strike by Mr. Norman MacKenzie, one would glean the impression that some doubt exists in his mind as to the relationship between myself and certain representatives of Moral Re-Armament. May I suggest that I could easily have clarified this point for Mr. MacKenzie, and possibly added to his somewhat inadequate knowledge of the Austin situation, if he had either contacted me by telephone or called to see me.

Having regard to the importance of this particular trade dispute, and its far-reaching effects on other sections of industry, I believe Mr. MacKenzie could have rendered a greater service to your readers if he had taken the elementary action of meeting some of the people he mentioned in his article.

61 Park Road, Smethwick. JAMES LEASK

[Mr. MacKenzie writes: "I was most anxious to interview Mr. Leask. I made several telephone calls to his office, but I was unable either to speak to him or to make an appointment. I therefore saw his colleague, Mr. Beard, district organiser of the Transport and General Workers. I believe I summarised Mr. Leask's views fairly, and I drew on his published statements for this purpose. I am sorry Mr. Leask has not used his letter to clarify his attitude to M.R.A. if he feels I have injured him."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

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Books in General

ANTI-SEMITISM is as old as the Semites. From Pharaoh to Hitler, tyrants have oppressed or expelled that indigestible people; neither Antiochus nor Caligula nor the Inquisitors of Spain could convert them; and even their own God, who had so arbitrarily chosen them, found them (since he had made them in his own image) stiff-necked and unmanageable. No people in the world has had so long and so consistent a history of nonconformity as the Jews, whose first record in mythology is an expulsion from Paradise and whose last record in history has hitherto been an expulsion from somewhere else.* In the eleventh century the German crusaders, finding the Turks too distant, turned to slaughter the Jews at home; in the twelfth the Moslem fanatics rose up to expel them, the Almohades from Spain, the Shi'ites from Arabia; in the thirteenth they were sent packing from England; in the fourteenth, the Franciscans in Italy, the Dominicans in Spain, incited the mobs against them; in the fifteenth they were driven out of the Peninsula; in the sixteenth the Dominicans roused Germany also against them; in the seventeenth they were massacred in Poland and banished from Vienna; in the eighteenth the edict of expulsion hovered over them in Prague; and if, in the nineteenth, through the Napoleonic whirlwind, they were at last emancipated, how brief that emancipation has been! Experience soon proved the philosophers wrong. Legal emancipation did not make the Jews acceptable: they were declared indigestible still; and in the twentieth-century whirlwind the new barbarian rulers of Europe have resumed again the time-honoured course of oppression.

What is the effect, upon a people's history, of such continual exile and repeated persecution? First, a heightened consciousness, a closer discipline, and, through fear of trespass, a timorous, illiberal Church. In the Middle Ages Jewry, like Christendom, was an international organisation, and from the safety of the rich and tolerant Moslem lands its Popes, its *Geonim*, sent out their oracular answers to rabbis vigilantly preserving faith and morals in the precarious ghettos of Europe. Sometimes, in those easier lands, liberalism might prevail. It was in Egypt that Moses Maimonides, the most famous of all his tribe, the new Aristotelian Moses who "drew his people out of the waters of error" to the truths of Greek philosophy, compiled his great work, *The Guide of the Perplexed*. But Maimonides, comfortably established as court-physician to the enlightened Sultan Saladin, could afford to be liberal; for the faithful in bigoted Europe it was different. Just as the liberalism of Renaissance bishops would founder on the bigotry of proletarian friars, so the rationalism of Maimonides and his disciples was broken by the frightened obscurantism of the European ghetto. "O lord and master, to whom there has been no equal since the days of the Judges, since Jerubbaal and Bedan," so an alarmist rabbi of Montpellier, a century after Maimonides, addressed a pillar of his church in Barcelona, "how canst thou look on when the sanctuary is being consumed by rotten books? Gird thy sword around thy loins, lift thy stick and strike at their heads!"; and the rabbi of Barcelona, agreeing that his people had become "infatuated with alien sciences, Sidonian and Moabitish, and pay homage to Greek books," duly and solemnly banned to the young the dangerous study of science and philosophy. Apart from a brief flicker in Italy, the humanism of the European Renaissance scarcely touched the Jews of Europe in their timorous seclusion—for "why," asked a Polish Jew in the seventeenth century, "should we nibble at the bones of later authors when we can feast on the meat upon the golden table of the Talmud. . .?" Their greatest thinker before the Emancipation, Spinoza, was an excommunicate: among his numerous learned correspondents the piety of philosophers has not discovered a single Jew.

Secondly, in the artificially narrowed field to which they were confined, oppression generated a heightened industry, which sometimes made the Jews essential to the governing classes of foreign lands. Joseph, as Pharaoh's factor, managed for him the economy of Egypt; Nehemiah was a favoured courtier of Artaxerxes; and how often, in later centuries, have these examples been followed, at Moslem and Christian courts alike. "Our King," wrote the great Jewish minister Hasdai ibn Shaprut from the Moorish court of Córdoba, "has collected very large treasures of silver, gold and precious things such as no king before. His yearly revenue is 100,000 gold pieces, mostly derived from merchants who come hither from various countries and islands; and all their trading is placed under my control." In medieval England the Jews, hated by the populace, were "the King's Jews"; and what magnificence did the King of Castile's Jews both earn and exhibit in fifteenth-century Spain! And when they were expelled, behold! still keeping to their national mysteries of commerce and finance, medicine and diplomacy, customs-farming and army-contracting, they had become the Sultan of Turkey's Jews, organising the resources of a new empire. Even when kings turned against them, noblemen often continued to protect such useful subjects. Just as the Spanish Moriscos, also an indigestible minority, had often been protected against the hatred of the people and their tribunes, the friars, by the nobles of Aragon who profited by their unnatural industry, so, for the same reason, the Jews often found similar patrons. German dukes and bishops protected them from the German crusaders; Protestant grandees in Germany, England and Sweden became known, in the seventeenth century, as philo-Semites; and in the eighteenth Bohemian noblemen, officials and corporations protested to Maria Theresa that to expel the Jews would be to strike at public and private revenues.

The Empress yielded; hers was an aristocratic society; but, except in such happy societies, noble patronage alone is a slender support; and when Popes and Kings allied themselves with the blind prejudices of the Church and the mob, such patronage availed the Jews no more than the Moriscos of Spain or the Huguenots of France. Whither then were the persecuted remnant to turn for relief? Whither indeed but to that stock refuge of the oppressed: mysticism, the Messiah, the Millennium. As the defeated humanists of Spain sank into private ecstasies, as the *marabout* on his African dunghill promises a *Mahdi* to the dejected Beduin, as the Anabaptists of the seventeenth century manipulated their Scriptural logarithms to hasten the Apocalypse, so also the Jews of the Dispersion deviated into mystical heresies, counted the days to the Millennium, or discovered the Messiah. He appeared to the persecuted Jews of the Yemen in the twelfth century; a Portuguese Jew announced him in Italy in the sixteenth century; and in the middle of the seventeenth, in those propitious days when the English millennarians had already pin-pointed the Second Coming and Manasseh ben Israel was reviving the hopes of his people, there arose in Turkey the most spectacular of all such Messiahs, Sabbatai Zevi of Izmir.

What lunacy overcame the whole Jewish world in the days of Sabbatai's antics! A Polish prostitute, having boasted her reservation for the Messiah, was fetched unseen from Leghorn to be his bride; a high-powered secretariat proclaimed his mission throughout Europe and the East; and prosperous jewellers and grain merchants in Hamburg and Amsterdam giddily declared that Sabbatai Zevi would "take the royal crown from the Sultan's head and place it on his own." "Like a Canaanitish slave," they repeated, "shall the King of the Turks walk behind him, for to Sabbatai is the power and the glory." Even the tolerant Sultan found this rather too much. Summoned to the Palace at Constantinople, and offered the choice between Islam and the bowstring, the new Messiah and his wife promptly and prudently chose to survive, and sinking, under the new names of Mehemet Effendi and Fatima Radini, into Moslem obscurity, left their embarrassed disciples to explain away, as best they could, their prophetic miscalculations.

Such was one emotional response to the hostility of the world; but was there no other—nothing more positive than the timorous cohesion and exaggerated industry of tender minorities, nothing more practical than millennarian enthusiasm? There was. Always in the back of the Jewish mind lurked the hope of a new independent state on earth, a new Temple, a new terrestrial Zion. In the tenth century Hasdai ibn Shraprut heard in Córdoba of the Caucasian kingdom of the Khazars, those Tartar converts to Judaism whose reputed survival, in 1942, set to Himmler's extermination-squads in Russia a nice problem of racial casuistry. Delighted, Hasdai saw therein an answer to the ancient taunt that the Jews alone had no kingdom on earth. "Blessed be the Lord of Israel," he wrote (if, indeed, his letter is genuine) "who has not left us without a kinsman as defender nor suffered the tribes of Israel to be without an independent kingdom"; and he asked the King of the Khazars "whether there is among you any computation concerning our final redemption." Six centuries later the harassed Jews of Europe

* *Letters of Jews through the Ages. Edited by* FRANZ KOBLER. *East and West Library.* 2 vols. 42s.

listened to tales that the lost ten tribes had been identified in Tartary or America, and when they found in Turkey their great haven from the oppressions of Europe, it was in that hospitable land of freedom and plenty that they saw a new hope of a new Jewish state. "O Israel, wherefore sleepest thou?" one of the earliest Jewish immigrants to Turkey wrote back to his compatriots in Germany; "arise, and leave that accursed land for ever!" Within a century the Sultan's great Jewish financier, Joseph Nasi, Duke of Naxos, was planning a Jewish kingdom of Cyprus. Such ambitions came to nothing. In the seventeenth century the Jews were content more modestly to reconstruct their shattered communities; stage by stage they crept back, and again became factors to the rulers of England, Austria, Germany—even (concealed as "Portuguese") of Spain. But now that emancipation has been reversed and Europe has, in large part, reverted to its older practice, while another three centuries have passed without either a Messiah or a Millennium, it is once again to the East, to their old, historic home among the relics of the once hospitable Turkish Empire, that the Jews have turned, to realise at last the third of their romantic dreams: the terrestrial Zion.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

WORDS BEFORE WINTER

Your rays ripen my green head:
The tree glows with words' fruit
Singing in branched sunlight
New harvest from hopeless wood.

Death seizes the growing world,
Sap sinks while birds of storm
Fish the estuary, but we hold
Life resurrected in words' calm.

My vein sings for your ripe core,
Falls, falls from cliffs of grass
To sink channels that blaze
Bright fires of our joined river.

The garden dies, but we live
Singing logs or burnt bracken,
Leaves' cascade or fire's hiss:
The pulse breaks, but words survive.

RICHARD MURPHY

THE GOLDEN RULE

O the golden rule, the golden rule,
I pondered long the golden rule!
Point countered point at each position,
The only rule was contradiction.
The only rule, the rule of rules,
The first and last, the god of rules,
The rule that breaks all other rules,
The sober serious weighty rule,
The wicked wanton lightsome rule,
The heavenly bright angelic rule,
The damned infernal demon rule,
The rule that makes the winds to blow
And starts the crocus from the snow,
And if my meaning's still unclear
I ask how life itself did first appear
But heat and cold and a mineral top
In contraries spinning had set it up?
So three times three in mad conviction
I say with most emphatic diction—
And proof's your counter proposition—
The golden rule is contradiction.

Envoy

Prince, I take it that you are no fool,
And have unlearnt much you were taught at school,
But lest you seek a further formulation
My meaning is that every rule, and none, is golden;
But not that every rule, or none, is better broken.

EWART MILNE

THE SIDELINER

Edward Lear's Indian Journal 1873-75. Edited by RAY MURPHY. *Jarrolds.* 42*s.*

"No rest in Hustlefussabad!" Edward Lear, like the Tennyson whom he so admired and whose lyrics he used to sing in a thin voice in drawing-rooms, remained throughout his life "an infant crying in the night," though an infant of extraordinary stamina. Mr. Ray Murphy, the editor of this Indian Journal, may go too far in claiming "that his epilepsy was a rage reaction from the frustration caused by his compulsion always to play the child" but without trying to pigeonhole him in any such spacious theory we can certainly compare his vitality to that of the lonely child who one moment shows off and the next falls back on "Won't play!" The most constant thing about him was his industry though, like many industrious artists, he is remembered for his easier and casual products, his sidelines. He is in fact a classic example of the Sideliner. His first aim was to be an oil-painter, and the water-colours reproduced in this journal are merely sketches for oil paintings, but it is only too easy to guess how much we should prefer them to the finished works which, Mr. Murphy explains, were "hard, mechanical and dull" owing to Pre-Raphaelite influence. Not everyone however will agree that these water-colours, charming though they are, "have a brilliance and individuality which are certainly as valid a passport to fame as his nonsense verses." Even in this Indian Journal, written in Lear's sixties, which consists largely of the reactions of a "landscapishionite" to his subjects, it is the sideliniest of the sidelines, the Nonsense, which rings the truest and furthest; the nonsense fringe keeps encroaching even on cantonment and *dak* bungalow.

For this reason Lear as traveller is an unusually candid and simple example of something which happens to most of us when we travel, especially in a country like India which, being too large and too complex to be "comprehended," invites us to select from her vastness only our own pet properties, rediscovering in fancy dress things which we have always fancied. But Lear's loves wore fancy dress from the start. "And children swarmed to him like settlers. He became a land"—Mr. Auden's estimate is just, and in India, which itself seems often nonsensical to Westerners, that Nonsense Land lies imposed on the whole sub-continent. Thus even Lear's endless catalogues of his breakfasts, luncheons and dinners, are far from being as objective as they look. "Dinner . . . soup, goose, beefsteak and lastly Pistachio nuts brought from Afghanistan, and orange salad, made with orange and brandy!" Did he really eat that dinner? Of course he did—but in its context, under "the soon-never-to-be-seen-anymore woods of the eastern Himalayas," such a meal becomes a nonsense ritual and Lear's own positive fantasy—as also Lear's lackingness—is stamped on it. Most creative artists are notably "lacking" in some respect but Lear's lackingness seems abnormally wide and deep—which also no doubt was his strength. The first day, in Bombay, was a rapture, and a rhapsody:

> O new palms! O flowers! O creatures! O beasts! Anything more overpoweringly amazing cannot be conceived. Colours and costumes and myriadism of impossible picturesqueness.

Throughout the journal Lear notes the picturesquenesses; the social and economic and religious realities are all but ignored. Not only did he never take a vegetarian meal (let alone eat it off a banana leaf), not only does he never mention the "unmentionable" things in Indian sculpture, but most of the splendours and miseries of Indian tradition seem lost on him. Very, very occasionally, apart from grumbling about "the vacuity of British stationism," he makes something like a sociological comment, on education for instance, but most of the time he is "dawdly-thinking," comparing the landscape to Palestine or Corsica or Bournemouth, reading *Roderick Random* or *Jane Eyre*, singing "Idle Tears" in the Hyderabad Residency, and translating everything not into English but into Lear, just as he beautifully misused Indian words in his nonsense poem *The Cummerbund*:

> She sat upon her Dobie,
> To watch the Evening Star . . .

For all this no one, however egocentric, can visit India without reflecting something of her truly and Lear, in these daily jottings which are as sketchy as the water-colours, does convey the feel and smell of the country and something of that blend of exasperation and abandon which India tends to excite in one.

Lear's reactions to the famous places of India are not noticeably "period" and he often expresses succinctly and vividly what might be the feelings of a sensitive tourist today. Thus most of us would sympathise with his comments on the exhilaration of Benares, the melancholy of Tanjore, "the plentitude of palmery" on the Malabar coast, "the eternal squash and harry" of the ruin-littered plain outside Delhi. Also with his physical pinpointing—the "brain-fever birds" and "the saucepan and tinpot birds" and "the queer frogs or grasshoppers who make a noise like weighing an anchor." On the other hand, it seems odd to express a general admiration for Mahabalipuram without even hinting at the nature of either of its two most magnificent rock reliefs. Possibly these, in spite of their elephants and cows and even a comedy cat (own second cousin to Old Foss), were too packed with human, not to say divine, significance. Which brings us back to Lear's essential lack: the human figures in this journal, with the exception of his servant Giorgio (for whom he shows the greatest warmth) and one or two English officials, remain mere figures in a tapestry. We are left with a feeling of pity—and also of admiration—for "this child," as he likes to call himself, who is stranded in his sixties among incomprehensible multitudes, contact with whom rarely rises above the level of parody. Though babuism too has its virtues for a professor of nonsense:

> Our people do not understand you, Sir, or they would feel it a pleasure to administer to your wishes. The word you use for church is by no means that which by any possibility is intelligible to them.

LOUIS MACNEICE

REASONS FOR HOPE

The Idea of Progress: A Revaluation. By MORRIS GINSBERG. *Methuen.* 6*s.*

This is a still, small voice that runs the risk of being lost in the babel of our time. Yet it addresses to us, in language of exceptional clarity, a message that is timely, wise and reassuring. Professor Ginsberg has never wasted words, and never perhaps has he said so much so lucidly within so few pages. Many will regard this unobtrusive little book, an expansion of his Chairman's Address to the newly formed British Sociological Association, as fully justifying, in his case at any rate, the role of the contemplative sociologist who analyses and refines the great ideas that move society.

Among the "progressive" intelligentsia, the idea of progress has now long been in disrepute, and recent developments in nuclear physics have not helped to reconsolidate it. Yet among great masses of people in every continent, the idea has taken firm hold. In America, in Russia, in Asia, Africa and Europe, the people expect and demand progress. It is an idea which, once widely perceived, has had compelling social and political force, which the pessimism of intellectuals has done little to shake. But this pessimism has had an astringent effect. The idea of progress has been through the refiner's furnace. What remains? Some would say that it had gone to join the lost illusions of mankind, that it was, in fact, a secular illusion that had arisen in place of

religious teleologies. Yet, raking among ash and clinker, Professor Ginsberg has found pure gold.

He shows how, viewed in broad perspective, the reasoned optimism of Condorcet has not been proved, after all, so far off the mark. He takes from Comte those elements which, in the long run, have stood the test of time. Professor Ginsberg makes it clear that we are still far from assured by the evidence of psychology that the constructive human impulses are bound to prevail over anarchic and destructive impulses. His view is rather that there has been a development in social institutions in the direction of co-operation and justice over widening spheres of human activity and widening areas of the globe. There is no guarantee that this development will continue, but to work for its continuance is a rational aim.

The implications for the idea of progress of Marxism, Darwinian evolutionary theory and recent theological discussion are brought into clear focus. A useful distinction is drawn between development, evolution and progress, three concepts whose overlap has led to confusion. Professor Ginsberg does not expect the process of unification of human effort to lead to "a universal code of morals." But he does not believe either that the major political systems of the present world have irreconcilable objectives. He suggests that the difference between Communist and non-Communist values is one "of moral temper rather than of ethical theory." He distinguishes between "the universal ethic of the classless age," which is admitted in Communist theory to be the ultimate goal, and "the interim ethics" of revolution which justify ruthlessness and violence. But whatever the ethical position of those in high places, there is a tendency for the rank and file of humanity to develop "tolerance, spontaneity, flexibility in the search of new values," as the crude battle for existence becomes less acute and the human animal becomes more thoroughly domesticated and civilised.

After the first world war, in 1920, Professor Bury published his historical study on *The Idea of Progress*, and in the same year Dean Inge gave his Romanes lecture with the same title. Both set out to debunk progress, and their scepticism was absorbed into the inter-war climate. But with consistent serenity and in spite of Nazism, World War, the Iron Curtain and the Atomic Bomb, Professor Ginsberg has maintained a reasoned faith in the possibility—but not the inevitability—of progress. In this he follows Hobhouse, for whose *Morals in Evolution* he wrote a notable introduction when the seventh edition was published in 1950. "There are signs," he said in 1944, "that the tide of sceptical criticism is now receding." His latest work may be of historical significance in this gradual turning of the tide.

CHARLES MADGE

POWER WITH HUMILITY

Lincoln the President: Midstream. By J. G. RANDALL. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 42*s.*

The third volume of Professor Randall's definitive study of Lincoln covers the events and problems of 1863. The crowded year was, in the President's own phrase, "environed with difficulties." Hard military campaigns, on which much depended, were being waged at a time when political passions were running high and the atmosphere was thick with suspicion. By the end of the year Lincoln felt confident and hopeful: freedom was "disenthralled, regenerated, enlarged and perpetuated" and he could now gaze eagerly beyond the struggle to the peaceful growth of a united nation in the future.

Professor Randall's style and treatment enable us to grasp broad themes while at the same time catching a close-up view of the President in action. This book is far more than what Mark Twain called "clothes and buttons" biography: it presents a full picture of a whole man and a whole society. The apparent contradictions in Lincoln's personality do not have to be explained away: instead they themselves are used constantly to explain the fascinating complexity of the subject.

Lincoln was no window-dresser: to use Victorian language he was "unparlourable." Visitors usually found him at first sight tall, gaunt, ungainly and untidy, yet within half an hour they realised that they were meeting a great man. His rough-hewn exterior—"homely" was the adjective usually applied to it—contrasted with a quiet dignity which sprang from within. "Seemingly artless," says Professor Randall of him, "his behaviour nevertheless amounted to skilled craftsmanship."

The greatness of Lincoln becomes most clear when we look behind the scenes. As President he wielded great power, increasing power in 1863, but he never lost either his homeliness or his humility. Even when he was most busy with large matters of state he took infinite pains to help all those who came to him with stories of personal hardship. The under-privileged loved him more than the secure, and as Seward once commented, so little was he interested in his own comfort and convenience that after breakfast he was shaved "probably at the time when it was most convenient to the barber." The 194 volumes of Lincoln Papers, opened to public view for the first time in 1947, are full of case materials which illustrate the President's "sense of justice and kindness."

Lincoln was confronted with one of the most difficult dilemmas of power in 1863. He was a democrat, and democracy to him was fundamental, but he also had to direct a civil war. His conscientious performance of his duties made him the target of attack both for those people who genuinely valued civil liberty and for those enemies and opponents who were seeking to destroy the constitution while relying on its guarantees to protect them. Lincoln saw the dilemma more clearly than either his friends or his enemies. He was thoughtful, wise and responsible whenever he had to exercise his presidential authority, yet he exercised it firmly and unflinchingly. Although Congress spent much of its time undermining his authority and the courts challenged many of his decisions, he stood firm, finding in his own conscience and judgment the most effective check on any tendencies to arbitrary power. He was strengthened rather than weakened by a deep vein of humility which could not be pierced from outside. When some of his professed Republican friends in the Senate tried to get rid of him he replied that he was half-disposed to gratify them. Tenaciously but modestly he always clung to his own standards. "I am very glad the elections this autumn have gone favourably," he wrote towards the end of the year, "and that I have not, by native depravity, or under evil influences, done anything bad to prevent the good result."

This was the real Lincoln. He might be branded as a dictator by his enemies both in America and abroad, but their vituperation left him and still leaves him unscathed. The London *Times*, commenting at long distance, might compare him with the butchers and assassins of the ancient world, but in attacking Lincoln it was attacking democracy itself. The Republican "radicals" in Congress might complain of his moderation and demand "a war of extermination," but in arguing in such terms they were attacking reason itself. Lincoln in mid-stream was always both democrat and statesman.

It is a tragedy that the recent death of Professor Randall leaves this masterly biography mid-stream. The reader can only hope that he has left sufficient notes and papers to enable further volumes to appear posthumously. Historians of every country owe him a great debt: he does not write conventional narrative history of a derivative character but maintains a flow of vivid impressions, which generate new ideas in the reader's mind. Above all, humility and serene understanding make him a perfect interpreter of America's greatest President.

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CHAPELS OF EASE

Collected Stories. By OSBERT SITWELL. *Macmillan and Duckworth.* 25*s.*

To the youngest generation, nowadays, the reputation of Sir Osbert Sitwell rests largely, one may suppose, upon the five great volumes of his autobiography; it is to be feared, indeed, that this enormous work, partly by its scope and comprehensiveness, partly by the deservedly high praise with which it has been received, may have tended to obscure—or at least to overshadow—Sir Osbert's previous achievements. This seems to me a pity; for, however much one may admire *Left Hand, Right Hand!* it should not be forgotten that, apart from his novels, poems and other writings, Sir Osbert is a master of the short—and more particularly of the long-short—story. The present volume is a timely reminder of the fact; it contains his entire output in this form up to date. and the effect—considering that the period covered is some thirty-five years—is surprisingly homogeneous. The stories are not arranged chronologically, and, if one cannot for the moment recall in which volume a particular one first appeared, one is apt to find it difficult, in default of topical references, to assign it to even an approximate date. Sir Osbert, in fact, is that rare bird, a writer whose whole *output* seems the product of literary maturity; none of these stories strikes one as noticeably "young," none shows the least sign of failing powers. Some are slight enough—*The Glow-worm*, *Dumb-Animal*; others, such as *Low Tide* and *Alive-Alive Oh!* are in effect short novels, and would, in the hands of a less succinct writer, doubtless have been expanded into long ones.

How can one ever communicate the special quality which characterises these stories? Most striking, I think, is the impression they create of being the products—perhaps one should say the end-products—of an epoch of wealth and (more particularly) of leisure. Too much imaginative writing, nowadays, appears to have been done against time, and (as Firbank said of Robert Hichens) in a hotel bedroom with the bed still unmade; by contrast, these stories show every sign of having been composed in comfort and without regard for time. Many "winters of content," one feels, have gone to their making; and the result is an unhurried, carefully "built-up" prose which, though one may fairly call it baroque, never sprawls or over-reaches itself. To turn from the autobiography, with its long, Proustian, occasionally overloaded sentences, to these shorter pieces, is as though one were to pass from some vast and grandiose basilica into an adjacent, more manageable chapel-of-ease. One has been duly impressed—and perhaps even a trifle fatigued—by those grandiloquent splendours; here one is able, so to speak, to relax: the same art, the same intricate workmanship are here displayed, but on a more intimate, less breath-taking scale; one can, as it were, examine each fresco and mosaic from where one sits, in one's pew, and without craning one's neck.

I have emphasised the "leisurely" effect of Sir Osbert's prose; and akin to (and perhaps resulting from) this quality is another and yet more characteristic feature of his art—the careful accumulation of minute but significant detail. Sometimes, one feels, this is indulged for its own sake, from a pure love of the rococo: Sir Osbert has always, for example, been prone to linger with an affectionate relish over the small innumerable ornaments in an old lady's drawing-room; elsewhere, however, these catalogues of *minutiae* have a direct and essential bearing on the narrative—as, for instance, in *The Greeting*, that most admirable of murder-stories, in which the lengthy descriptions of the stuffy, overcrowded country house prepare one, by a series of tiny but disquieting indications, for the culminating horror. (How admirably, too, in this story, is the nice, sensible character of Nurse Gooch contrasted with her surroundings; and surely only Proust, among other writers, has written with such insight and sympathy of the terrors of insomnia.)

Pity for the old—and more especially for old ladies—has always been one of Sir Osbert's most marked characteristics, and in some of the later stories in this volume this theme acquires a more moving quality than heretofore—as, for instance, in *Lover's Meeting*, a brief but tragic anecdote of the second world war. Yet if he can be pitiful, Sir Osbert can exhibit, also, towards those ageing dames of Scarborough or the South of France, a feline malice which, again, suggests Proustian parallels. Most devastating, perhaps, in *Before the Bombardment*, this quality is apparent also in *Low Tide*; I first read this story when I was sixteen, and it still seems to me not only one of Sir Osbert's finest achievements, but one of the best long-short stories in the language. I am inclined, myself to believe that this form—is the one most perfectly suited to his talent. *Triple Fugue*, on the other hand—a story of almost novel-length—seems to me still, as it did when I first read it, a less satisfactory essay in this kind. It seems to suffer from over-elaboration; it has, however, immense period-interest, and may be recommended to the amateur of *romans à clef*.

It remains only to emphasize the quality which has most struck me in these stories—their immense enjoyability. This, I think, is largely due to the fact that they are *stories* as opposed to mere fragments of prose fiction; despite the unhurried and elaborate prose, despite the enormous proliferations of detail, each of these stories has a beginning, a middle and an end. Sir Osbert does not disdain the anecdote, and many of these pieces are in essence anecdotal; but the anecdote, in Sir Osbert's hands, serves as a mere starting-point—it is, one might say, the irritant grain of sand which produces the pearl.

JOCELYN BROOKE

NEW NOVELS

The Present and the Past. By IVY COMPTON-BURNETT. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
The Sleeping Beauty. By ELIZABETH TAYLOR. *Davies.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Love Goes West. By MARGARET BULLARD. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Brigand. By HENRY CASTILLOU. *Staples.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

When in the course of time the novels of Miss Compton-Burnett fall out of copyright and into the category of public plunder, what scissors-and-paste anthologies will be snipped out of them! One sees them, the gift-books of a century ahead, bound in their *ersatz* suède: *Gems of Wit and Wisdom from Compton-Burnett*; *The Thousand Best Epigrams of Compton-Burnett*. For this author is as witty a writer in English as any since Wilde. But Wilde's wit was a kind of innocent poetry: Miss Compton-Burnett's is more serious. Her characters confront themselves, one another and life, with the cold unwavering eyes of justice, and what is important in her novels is not so much what happens as what is said; the real action consists of the generalisations upon what has happened, generalisations that fall in their succintness with a sledge-hammer finality:

> "One of the hens has died," said Eliza, in rapid summary. "Toby has given them his cake and hardly taken a mouthful. The other hens walked on the dead one and upset Miss Megan. Master Henry has one of his moods."
>
> Megan turned aside with a covert glance at William.
>
> "Seeing the truth about things isn't a mood," said Henry.

Since her second novel, Miss Compton-Burnett's manner and attitude have scarcely changed at all; so that, several books ago, her reviewers, tired of muttering "Congreve" in a vain attempt to suggest the quality of her dialogue, decided that there was little more to be said. Describe one novel and it seems you have

described them all, which is not at all to say that she repeats herself. Yet in her more recent work there have been signs of a certain not wholly welcome mellowing or softening. This disturbing manifestation of heart is almost striking in *The Present and the Past*. It is her slightest novel for many years: no murder, no incest, no stealing of theses or destroying of wills; merely a faked attempt at suicide. And I cannot think that ten years ago Miss Compton-Burnett would have let her central character, Cassius, off so lightly; as it is, she nearly has us murmuring, of this man driven distraught by the sudden appearance in his home of his first wife and by the clash between her and his present one over the children of the first marriage, that to understand all is to forgive all.

But the children and the servants are as delightful as ever.

> "We shall relapse into childhood," said Elton. "No one ever really comes out of it. That is why life is such a strain. We have to pretend."

Here we are close to the heart of Miss Compton-Burnett's world: children are the victors there, no matter how done down, so long as they retain their clear-eyed lack of illusions. It is Cassius's fate that, buttressed though he is by two wives, a father and six children, he cannot stand the strain; he cannot pretend any longer. All the same, though we know pity has a human face, we hadn't exactly expected it would ever have Miss Compton-Burnett's.

Miss Elizabeth Taylor's novels are much admired. It is not difficult to see why; she has all the attributes which, when present in a woman novelist, automatically earn the prefixes "delicate" or "exquisite": delicate exquisite sensibility, delicate exquisite wit, delicate exquisite humour and doubtless a delicate exquisite awareness of the pathos of life. She also has real ability and, at times, a vein of delicate exquisite grotesquerie, as in the description, in this novel, of middle-aged women undergoing the tortures of the Turkish bath. In her new novel she retells with considerable ingenuity and in present-day setting the story of the Sleeping Beauty, the sleeper being a beautiful woman sunk into apathy after a serious motor accident, the prince one of those pansyish middle-aged men ("He went with sympathy professional in its skill; yet adept, exquisite") who, one feels must exist since they turn up so regularly in the fiction of women novelists. And what does it all amount to? It seems to me, in spite of the undoubted felicities of expression and description, almost nothing. I find *The Sleeping Beauty* derivative in the wrong way. Miss Taylor, one feels, has looked very hard at the novels of Mrs. Woolf, Miss Bowen and Miss Lehmann; there are precious few indications that she has ever looked at life. She offers echoes of echoes, reflections of reflections.

Miss Bullard is an altogether heartier lady; she is the frank, downright sort, who will call a spade a bloody shovel just for the hell of it. She attacks on all fronts: dormitory towns and their inhabitants, Blimps and intellectuals, the Civil Service, the Ministry of Food and all citizens of the Welfare State, who it seems are both punch-drunk and lazy, are among the targets of her blunderbuss satire. Yet she is no less derivative than Miss Taylor. We learn, in an awe-inspiring note, that the author's thanks are due to the "Secretary of the National Physical Laboratory, for his assistance in composing the specimens of official correspondence given in Chapter Six." The list of credits might have been extended; to the Steinbeck of *Tortilla Flat* and *Cannery Row*, to Norman Douglas and Aldous Huxley. For Miss Bullard's young man from the Ministry of Nutrition and his wife have to go to California to bulk-buy second-grade sardines, and there we are, back on the American equivalent of Olde Capri once more, with crank religionists, beautiful and doomed young men, monstrously ugly scientists exploring the ocean-bed and dying for love, and wicked old polymaths whispering scabrous details of the lives of the saints in young women's ears. How jolly it might be—if one hadn't read Douglas and Huxley and the admirable Richard Oke and Francis Steegmuller.

The Brigand won a prize in France: what could the novels that didn't win the prize have been like? It is a bald and pedestrian account of the career of a young man who becomes, after the war, a bandit in Sicily, is caught up in the Sicilian Separatist Movement and betrayed by its leaders. With the story of Salvatore Giuliano in mind, so well related by Miss Eleanor Clark in *Rome and a Villa*, it seems incredible that any novelist could have made so little of so promising a subject.

WALTER ALLEN

LAMBDEN'S SON

The Weeping and the Laughter By J. MACLAREN-ROSS. *Hart-Davis.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

We are accustomed to dust-cover blurbs that take an over-rosy view of the goods within but one that both misleads and underpraises is a novelty. Why does the publisher allow this enchanting autobiography to be called sad and elegant? It is nostalgic but not sad at all, and elegant seems to imply an altogether more unrobust and niminy-piminy affair, the sort of book which leads gracefully up to the moment of almost unbearable excitement when Julian, auburn curls a-toss, suddenly becomes aware of Kafka in the Tottenham Court Road.

The only thing that Mr. Maclaren-Ross would be likely to become aware of in W.1. would be one of his relations behaving in a bizarre manner. They are astonishingly varied, their lives almost alarmingly rich in incident. His mother was born in Calcutta and "the sight of a rogue elephant trampling one of her brothers to death had been a highlight of her childhood"; she had only one valve to her heart, learnt Arabic, and later developed Aleppo Boil. Another of her brothers had been abducted as a child by an eagle but lived to combat illicit diamond-buyers in Kimberley. His father (Christian name, Lambden) wore a peculiarly tight truss and sucked liquorice pastilles incessantly; his childhood had been spent in Havana "surrounded by tarantulas and vampire bats." Aunt Enid had been trained for grand opera but preferred a runaway marriage with a French cavalry officer. Uncle Bertie had a pet leech, and another uncle was frozen to death in the Klondike gold rush. Grandma Emily had once been the Belle of Bangalore and had known what it was to suck the poison from a jackal's bite. Sad? Elegant? Not on your life.

This charming, vastly amusing and well-written book is not all oddity and idiosyncrasy. We are carried back to the world of thirty and forty years ago, the world of the Zeppelin, the klaxon horn, the discovery of Tut-ankh-Amen's tomb, the early Sapper books, 2LO, young persons shrieking "Beaver," suspected German spies, Hokey-Pokey men, Little Willie, and silent films, with Bill Hart representing Blue Blazes Rawden and Hobart Bosworth skinning and stuffing an unacceptable Prussian officer; there was also *The Danger Mark* "in which Helen Ferguson worked her way up from eau-de-cologne on lumps of sugar to bottles of brandy emptied at a sitting." We see this bitter-sweet world through the eyes of an observant and sharp little boy, a boy with a remarkable memory. To what extent this memory has been helped along we cannot say. Did those German aviators really burn to death? Was the sergeant-instructor eaten, in actual fact, by sharks?

An enjoyable book puts a reviewer at a disadvantage. It is easy enough to make tosh rapidly apparent but impossible to give, in a short review, the peculiar flavour of a rewarding book. One can only say that *The Weeping and the Laughter* gives the same kind of charmed pleasure as Gwen Raverat's *Period Piece* or Maurice Baring's *Puppet-Show of Memory*. There is a rich echo of Sir George Sitwell in the portrait of Lambden ("When my father wished someone

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to leave his house, their departure was not long delayed "), and emanations, if that be the word, from *The Shrimp and the Anemone*.

This immensely engaging book is the first of a series of three. "In life, I have learned, there is always worse to come," says the author, which promises excellently for the next two volumes.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

EXISTENTIAL THEOLOGY

The Image of God in Man. By DAVID CAIRNS. *S.C.M. Press.* 18*s.*

The first chapter of Genesis says that man was made in the image and likeness of God. Is this the divine spark in man, taught by the Stoics, or human rationality, on which the early Christian Fathers and the medieval philosophers built their theology? Emphatically neither, says Professor Cairns, who teaches practical theology at Christ's College, Aberdeen. Man is not, and never can be, like God. "The notion of divinisation is utterly unbiblical . . . and it is thoroughly objectionable. God is God, and man is man, and only in the Incarnation do we find One who is both God and man." The original image of God in man was lost at the Fall (which however, is an existential rather than a historical fact), and the true image is "a likeness to Christ, a likeness for which God has planned our being, a likeness into which we must be restored by the grace of God in Christ."

Consequently all theology between the Gospels and the Reformation is suspect, as containing "undigested relics of neo-Platonism" or Aristotelian rationalism. Even Luther and Calvin retain "the highly dubious concept of the 'relic' of the image which was held to have survived the Fall," but Calvin is praised because he taught that "there is a sheer break between the natural man and the man who is in a state of grace." Between Calvin and Barth no thinkers are even mentioned by Professor Cairns, except a passing reference to Goethe's "oceans of mistresses."

The core of the book is a study of Barth and Brunner, their agreements and differences. Both deny the possibility of natural theology. Barth "cut the cord between man's humanity and his relation to God," reducing the contact to a bare existential confrontation, to which man can contribute nothing, but God challenges man in Christ, calling for love and obedience. Brunner, however, concedes to man "the formal *imago dei*, which not even the sinner has lost," in his capacity to understand words (and so to know what the Gospel is about) and his moral responsibility. Professor Cairns discusses at length whether this opens the door to natural theology, already rejected.

But Barth, it seems, has modified his view, and now brings into the content of religion man's approach to his neighbour "as a real man" and not as a mere tool, and "the difficult and dangerous bond" between man and woman. In this, says the author, Barth shows himself "a great humanist and liberal, in the best sense of the word," but he agrees that, since these matters are of nature and not of grace, it is difficult to harmonise them with the main drift of his teaching.

There is no doubt that neo-Calvinism, and existentialism generally, has brought a new depth and reality into modern thinking, in its emphasis on the crisis of the present moment, the enforced decision, the given pattern, the immediacy and arbitrariness of existence which cannot be dissolved away into any general philosophy. Professor Cairns rightly censures Marx for losing the individual in the process of economic change, and Freud for an entirely subjective account of God as the product of infantile fears. But he does not realise how one-sided his own theology is, belonging to a private world which boasts of its dissociation from all other concerns.

The gaps in his historical account are a warning. Is it true that between the Gospels and the Reformation everyone was looking for God in the wrong direction? And that between Calvin and Barth there was a desert of spiritual emptiness, peopled only by un-Christian men, without grace or truth (*i.e.*, scientists, artists, philosophers, humanitarians and the rest)? There is a spiritual pride which undervalues the thinking and striving of other men, as well as that which denies God.

H. L. SHORT

WHERE THE LAND ENDS

The Sea Coast. By J. A. STEERS. *Collins.* 25*s.*
The Channel Shore. By AUBREY DE SELINCOURT. *Hale.* 18*s.*
Norwich and the Broads. By J. WENTWORTH DAY. *Batsford.* 15*s.*

To every man his angle of approach. For some, the coast is the sheltering fringe—now and then, it may be, invaded and breached by the tides—of a favourite corner of Britain's countryside; for some it is the bourne of car or charabanc where beaches can readily be found; for a few it is an irregular, hostile line on a navigation chart. Others find in it a rich realm for physiographical study, in which botanist and ecologist can join forces; while yet others—too many, alas, in England—have looked only for chances to gather from the rim of the cruel, unharvested sea, a fat, asocial crop of profits from *lotissement* and speculative building.

Mr. Wentworth Day, a sportsman-naturalist in the High Tory tradition, has given his heart to the seaward edge of Norfolk. Of the county's capital he has little to say that has not been as well said before; but when he is not denouncing Whitehall, land-nationalisers and the proletarian summer invaders of East Anglian quietude, he writes knowledgeably and agreeably of the Broadland scene—the birds and fishes of its waterways and the tides that bring eels, and occasionally seals, out of the North Sea.

It is with the coast, not of that sea, but of the Channel, from the Cinque Ports to Penzance, that the latest volume in the Regional Books series is concerned. Mr. de Selincourt, too, sees the shore with an eye very different from that of the summer visitor in search of bathing coves or cliffs to climb. His approach is that of the yachtsman who explores the coast, cursing its urbanisers, from the sea. He has landed, selectively: he knows that incomparable walk over the green rounded backs of the Seven Sisters, and how to reach Land's End most rewardingly, by the coastal path from Mousehole; but his love is for the sea itself—off Fowey, as haliporphyrous as Alcman knew it, pewter-grey in a blow off Beachy Head, "like a boiling pot" in the Portland Race. Indeed, to Mr. de Selincourt, the coast is interesting mainly where seamen, yachtsmen and fishermen have impressed on it the image of their life—at Cowes (the Cowes of Edward VII and Lipton), at Portsmouth, at Brixham in the great days of the sailing trawlers—and he writes of the Chesil Bank with self-revealing, grim pleasure: "Here the sea is supreme." This is a nostalgic, charmingly written book, but it is not for the bird-watcher, like Mr. Wentworth Day, nor yet for the studious ecologist.

To learn how and why the Chesil Bank happened, one must sit at the feet of Professor Steers, whose magisterial book (excellently produced but for the unhappy transposition of the captions to four of the coloured plates) embodies a lifetime of patient exploration and research. He assumes in the reader some knowledge of geology, and not every amateur naturalist will find his pages easy reading; but it is well worth grappling with a few synclines and anticlines, Buttery Clays and Lower Triassic conglomerates, to follow intelligently his fascinating picture of the historical and prehistorical evolution of Britain's coast. His conclusion that Britain has tilted and is still tilting from north-west to south-east has, indeed, a painful topicality, though he observes that the rate of subsidence, "of the order of three millimetres a year" in south-east England, is "not excessive." Professor Steers recalls the disastrous floods of 1928 in London, and of 1938 in Norfolk. He

gives a warning that, though the tilt is not in itself alarming, "it is in company with tidal and meteorological circumstances such as occurred in January, 1928, that it may make itself felt." He was writing before the greater disaster of 1953.

AYLMER VALLANCE

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Era of Good Feelings. By GEORGE DANGERFIELD. *Methuen.* 30*s.*

Between the Revolution and the War of 1812, the United States was an independent self-governing territory; between the War of 1812 and the election of Andrew Jackson it became a nation. Mr. Dangerfield's excellent book is a lively, scholarly and illuminating study of that transformation, and especially of the tortuous course of Anglo-American relations during the Presidencies of Monroe and John Quincy Adams. He is much more than an author with a knack of keeping his narrative on the move, even when his subject is apparently as intractable as the negotiations at Ghent in 1814, or the intrigues which led to the "Tariff of Abominations", or the political horse-trading which produced the Missouri Compromise. Mr. Dangerfield never loses grip of his main theme—in this instance it is the transition from post-Revolutionary Federalism to Jacksonian Democracy—but writes with the same verve and insight that made his earlier *The Strange Death of Liberal England* such a memorable essay on social ferment.

There are, indeed, echoes of that earlier book in the present volume. His analysis of the disintegration of traditional Toryism in post-Napoleonic England, of the role of Liverpool Canning and Huskisson in moving almost unconsciously towards free trade and the favouring of industrialism, is in form very similar to his account of the break-up of the Liberal Party in the years before 1914. It is apparent that this is a solid book, but it is far from being a dull book; its appeal is certainly not limited to the specialist, for the main actors on the stage Mr. Dangerfield has set were interesting and highly literate men, whose motives and actions have here been caught with admirable balance and precision.

The Miners. By R. PAGE ARNOT. *Allen & Unwin.* 35*s.*

This, the second volume of Mr. Page Arnot's admirable history of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, covers the two decades from 1910 to 1930. Describing this period in his sub-title as *Years of Struggle*, the author prefaces his tale with a brief examination of the appalling series of colliery disasters, beginning with Llanerch in 1890 and ending with Senghenydd in 1913, which had defaced the record of the industry and embittered the attitude of the miners towards ownerships and managements whose care for safety had been, in many notorious instances, subordinated to the quest for profit. Beginning with the Cambrian Combine strike and the great stoppage in 1912, the story of the miners' struggle, which Mr. Page Arnot presents, is, in a sense, a single drama culminating in the events of 1926, and thus ending in defeat.

The author has not written, nor was it his purpose to write, a complete history of the coal industry; and the reader must look elsewhere for a full evaluation of the factors, on the owners' side, which made the British coalfields an ill-planned, badly developed jungle of capitalist anarchy. Equally, it is not to be denied that Mr. Page Arnot gives a partisan picture of the period: looking, as he was entitled to do, through the eyes of the M.F.G.B. at the failure, first of the Triple Alliance, and then of the General Strike, he finds the miners always in the right and their less single-hearted trade union associates in the wrong and craven. The analysis, in fact, is that of a Marxist to whom A. J. Cook and George Barker are heroes, and Frank Hodges the villain. This bias apart, the book is a graphic, lucidly arranged, and admirably documented record of a phase in the class struggle in which the miners were the spearhead. They had to fight not merely the owners, supported overwhelmingly by the Press, but the whole forces of the capitalist State. Facing page 497 is a photograph—one of many well-chosen illustrations—which shows three "scabs" being escorted down one of the long streets in the Garw Valley by something like sixty large policemen. This was in 1929, when the miners, their resistance to savage wage-cuts temporarily broken, were suffering terrible underemployment and semi-starvation. Nationalisation and a New Deal then seemed to be Utopian dreams; but the miners fought on.

Divided Image : A Study of Blake and Yeats. By MARGARET RUDD. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

This is a pretentious book, for the author is far out of her depth in discussing those great philosophic and imaginative themes that Blake and Yeats made the subject of their writings. Miss Rudd presents an antithesis between mysticism and magic, praising the former and condemning the latter, her thesis being that Yeats, attempting to follow his master, Blake the mystic, mistook magic for mysticism. Mysticism is a word never used by Blake, who spoke always of Imagination, which is, for any poet, a dual process of discovering images in which to express a vision. Blake had no need to practise a technique for evoking images, they came to him naturally, whereas Yeats practised a technique for the evocation of archetypal visions which can scarcely be deplored since it yielded some of the greatest poetic imagery in the language, second only to Blake's. Both sought and found such symbols in the collective memory, and believed them valid for a society because all have access to Anima Mundi, or Eden as Blake calls the world of archetypal images. It is certainly true that Blake's Jesus provided a redeeming factor all but absent from Yeats's *A Vision*; but I wonder whether Blake and Miss Rudd (whose authorities are Berdyaev, Father Victor White, St. John of the Cross, Bremond, and "no less a critic than G. K. Chesterton") mean the same thing by the name, which for Blake was synonymous with the human imagination. Nor ought one to write about Yeats's religious thought without ever once mentioning that for him Vedantic and not Christian religious literature, was his main source.

It is only fair to add that this book, though least profound when it attempts to be most so, has incidental merits—a well-documented argument that *A Vision* drew more on Yeats's recollections of Blake than he himself realised; and an interesting statement from Mrs. Yeats that Yeats had Urizen in mind when he wrote of the Rough Beast.

Untaken Harvest. By GEORGE ORDISH. *Constable.* 15*s.*

This book gives a practical and readable account of the economics of the control of plant diseases and pests. The statement has often been made that losses from these causes amount to 10-20 per cent. of the total world food production. Mr. Ordish points out that if these losses were eliminated there would not necessarily be so much more food produced. The prices of many foodstuffs are very sensitive to supply and demand, and if the supply of one increased by 10 per cent. the price might fall low enough to drive out of cultivation land used to produce it. This might well be a consequence of eliminating blight from the potato fields of Britain. Mr. Ordish sees the value of, say, potato-blight control not so much in increasing the supply of potatoes as in releasing land from potato growing for the production of other crops. Figures given for losses due to crop pests are staggering. For the U.K. they are estimated for 1947 at £88 million (including cost of control), equivalent to the untaken harvest of two million acres.

In recent years great advances have been made in methods of plant protection, including the large-scale production of powerful insecticides like DDT, parathion and the new systemic insecticides, and a wider knowledge of the life-histories of pathogenic organisms, and one can hope that the large sums being spent on plant-pathological research may produce even more handsome dividends than they have in the past. This book, however, shows that when the technical problems of pest control have been solved, there will still remain the economic problems of getting the control measures applied and dealing with the no longer untaken harvest.

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This issue is complementary to the recent Special Number on the Labour Party, with contributions by G. D. H. Cole, R. H. S. Crossman, Hugh Gaitskell, John Strachey and others, of which a few copies of the second impression are still available. Orders for both these issues should be placed through booksellers or newsagents or (7*s.* 8*d.* post paid) from the Publishers :

Turnstile Press, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,206

Set by R. K. Buchanan

The Assistant Postmaster General recently stated in the Commons that there had been a general wage-freeze in the maintenance allowance for Post Office cats since July, 1918: and that "these servants of the state are frequently unreliable, capricious in their duties and liable to prolonged absenteeism." Competitors are invited to send the comment of any Literary Cat (e.g., Mrs. Tabitha Twitchit, Hodge Foss, Macavity, Orlando, Jeoffry), in not more than 16 lines of verse or 150 words of prose. Entries by April 14th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,203

Set by John Dee

Competitors are asked to write the first 150 words of a "popular science" article in the style of today describing one of the following new inventions: the flint, axe, fire, fermented drink, iron, bows and arrows, leeches in medicine.

Report by John Dee

The particular absurdity of the situation, of course, lay in assuming that though Fire, etc., had been but newly discovered, yet in other respects—commercial values, journalistic irrelevance, and weapon-obsession—the civilisation that made the discovery was sadly like ours. This aspect was fully exploited.

Not far from our new temple on the Great Plain strange noises issue from a stout stockade through which no one may pass without special permit. The team has been screened by us and the United Caves, who are working on a similar project. Dr. Glabro is, however, two years ahead of the nearest competing tribe. (G. Lonsdale).

Opening the new Toxophily factory at Piltdown yesterday, Mr. P. Erectus, Minister of Supply, said "This revolutionary weapon will make Neolithica safe for democracy. We can also foresee peace-time uses which will relieve the meat shortage." (D. R. Peddy).

At present research on the Fire for defence purposes is going ahead rapidly, but peacetime applications must wait, perhaps for centuries. The days of "A Sun in Every Home" are distant—and humanity may well destroy itself first with this terrible new weapon. (Jonathan Staggers).

When I asked if the new invention might have a military use, I was told to touch a crackle-crackle heap. I felt a distinct pang. "That," my guide assured me, "could be made a thousand times more intense if we could find out how to persuade our enemies to keep their fingers there. . . ."

(Edward Blishen).

Honourable mention to them, to Allan M. Laing for his succinct boost of the flint axe ("a marvel of simple mechanism, which will revolutionize domestic labour, warfare and the chase"), and to V. Yule for a brilliant opening ("William Wordsworth was not the first person to notice the leeches continually clinging to the ankles of the cottagers living in the bogs of Windermere, Eng.").

Two guineas each to Elaine Morgan and E. R. Hall; a guinea to Eric Swainson, and P. M.

WONDER-DRUG: RELEASE SOON?
CHLOROPHYLL BY-PRODUCT

Professor Usquebaugh yesterday cautioned that spectacular results produced by his discovery—"alcohol"—may not be permanent. Claiming that accounts of harmful after-effects (aphasia, disequilibrium, vomiting) were exaggerated, he pointed out that original "guinea-pig" volunteers continued to offer—even press—their services.

The drug is orally administered. The substitution of subcutaneous injection produces acute depression.

How is alcohol produced? With "yeast," the Professor told me. Nature endows this miraculous fungus with an atom splitter ("enzyme") which separates carbohydrates into carbon dioxide and aluminocarbohydriferol (al-c'o-h-ol).

"Isn't carbon dioxide the stuff absorbed by chlorophyll-bearing plants?" I queried. At the word "chlorophyll," guinea-pig medico Dr. Haddenough shrieked aloud. Professor Usquebaugh explained that alcohol's psychotherapeutic value lies in freeing universal emotions from inhibitory censor-mechanisms.

I have a sample concentrate of "alcohol" here now. It tastes—pungent, like SCorches your thrat but th! 2rd mapes mapes anNnyboyd fe%l wo¾£%???

ELAINE MORGAN

THE FLINT AXE

Trials of the prototype on the Experimental Proofing Ranges at Shoeburyness have been under the ægis of Mr. Grimes Graves, a Brandon man and Chief Designer to Headstrong-Witless; he it was who first perceived the enormous potentialities in "cracking" silica and passing it through a 6" ring.

Details now released shew that there are only three working parts. The war-head is primed with a knapped flint (the "Geddes Mk.1," incorporating the jawbone of an ass is now obsolescent) to which is attached by a locking device consisting of 28 turns of 16 g leather thonging, a 38.32 cms. ash helve. Standardisation of the length, we learn, depends upon the Neoliths whose military advisers are said to favour a shorter 36.31 shaft.

The indentation power, tested with volunteers, shewed complete cleavage of the skull with an average swing through 45 degrees—minor differences, however, occurred when temperatures rose. . . .

E. R. HALL

For centuries men have been splitting logs by driving sharp wedges down the grain with clubs or, more recently, hammers. Now, with the simplicity of true genius, a young man of our tribe has combined wedge and club into one efficient striking tool (see Fig. 1).

What does this mean to the ordinary man in the cave? No more crushed fingers? Perhaps, but there may be some clean amputations, unless beginners follow the inventor's instructions carefully! However, we may confidently look forward to vastly increased stocks of fire wood, and timber for all purposes. Experiments suggest that the "axe" will provide a novel means of actually felling trees! Methods of hunting and butchery will be revolutionised.

A shadow has been cast upon this remarkable tool by cynics who say that if it will cleave the thighbone of an ox, it may equally well cleave the skull of a man. . . .

ERIC SWAINSON

FIRE

A new discovery of the utmost importance it is rumoured, will presently revolutionise our lives. This is none other than the fool-proof formula for *making Fire!* No more shivering in shawls Mrs. X, and no more digestive tablets Mr. X, now that we shall be able to bring the actual power of the sun into our homes to warm us and soften our food. This remarkable invention depends, I understand, on creating, by means of friction, sufficient heat to cause a kind of explosion in the air which starts a flame. How this flame is conserved and "fed" is still a top secret of the scientists, but we may see the day when one of the marvels of our time will be commonplace for Boy Scouts. All honour to Professor Prometheus (he is a naturalised Greek) for this crowning achievement in a life devoted to scientific research. P. M.

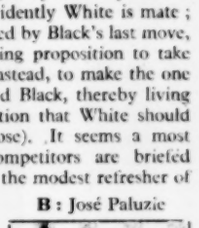
CHESS: Mate in None

No. 183

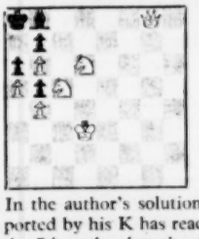
A "mate in two" is usually rated among the easier problems, and no one of us should ever overlook a "mate in one" (or mention it when he does). But a "mate in none"? Surely, that should be too easy even for a holiday competition? Well, it isn't quite so easy, and to facilitate the gain of 4 points for **A** I might add the helpful hint that this is a problem which should have some particular appeal to the lawyers among our competitors. I will say no more; for I fear that, whoever possesses a meticulous legal mind will find it severely tested, if not outraged by the very idea of **B**. Evidently White is mate; as a matter of fact, he was mated by Black's last move, and he now makes the shocking proposition to take back his own last move and instead, to make the one by which he could have mated Black, thereby living up to the rarely broken tradition that White should win (or, at all events, not lose). It seems a most irregular transaction, and competitors are briefed to unravel and elucidate it for the modest refresher of 5 points; they are to indicate the last move actually made by White and Black, as well as the move White ought to have made—the one that made all the difference between mating and being mated. Since it has become a tradition for a holiday weekend to provide a feast of point-garnering, here (for **C**) are six more ladder-points to be earned towards the total of 35, obtainable this time. It is a self-mate in six, and I had better explain to the uninitiated that this means for White to commit suicide, as it were, by forcing Black to mate him in 6 moves. Being a classic it is probably known to our more erudite problem-addicts; but the others will find it far from easy, and it is certainly one of the finest problems of its kind. As for **D**, this gives me the advantage of saving the space for a diagram which, this time, will have to come from the competitors; they can earn another six points by devising a position in which a solitary King can achieve a draw against two pawns, both well advanced and one of them supported by his King. In the author's solution—he is J. Kotre—the P supported by his K has reached the 7th and the other one the 5th rank; but should competitors find alternative

A: H. Fischer

B: José Paluzie



C: W. A. Shinkman



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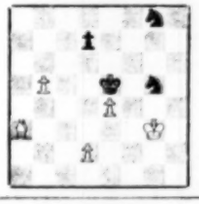
solutions I will certainly accept them. (A double-pawn, of course, is ruled out.) This is really quite an instructive endgame study (in reverse), and having thus got over the frivolous mood of the earlier pieces,

E: Holm

F: Kubbel



the more seriously minded competitors will be in the proper frame of mind to tackle a couple of honest endgame studies. White wins in both **E** and **F**, and as neither of them is particularly difficult they should be generously rated with 7 points each.

Usual prizes. Entries by April 13.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set March 14

A: (1) . . . R-B5 ch. (2) K-Kt5, R-KR5! (3) K x R, P-Kt4 ch, followed by K-Kt2, etc.

B: (1) R-K8 ch, K-Kt2. (2) B-R6 ch, K-R2. (3) B-Q2!, P-K6. (4) B-B3, P queens ch. (5) K-B7!, Q-R7 ch. (6) K-B8, Q-R6 ch. (7) K-Kt8, Q-R7 ch. (8) B-K5, Q-QKt7 ch! (9) K x P, P-Kt4. (10) R-R8 ch, K-Kt3. (11) B x Q, P x B. (12) R-R1, etc.

If White plays (5) K-B5, he cannot win after (5) . . . Q-Kt1 ch, (6) B-K5, K-R3! etc.

C: (1) P-Kt6, P queens. (2) P-Kt7, Q-Kt6. (3) Kt-Q5!!, Q x Kt. (4) KtP queens, Q x Q. (5) RP queens, B x Q, stalemate.

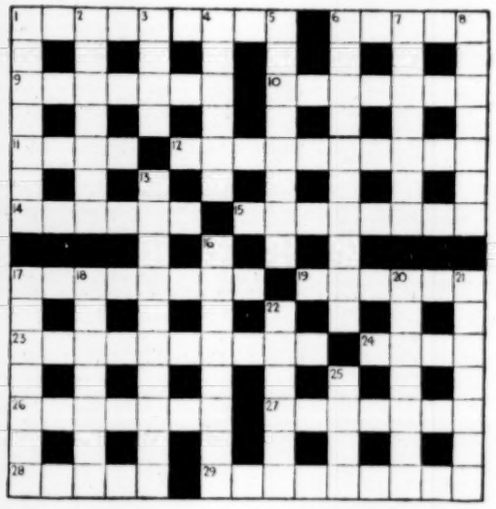
If (3) . . . B x Kt, the pawns queen in reversed order. (2) . . . Q-B8 ch? (3) K-R7, etc., leads to a win for White. (3) K-R7?, Q-KB2, etc., leads to a win for Black.

Soon after the discovery of a cook in the recent Wotava study (to which I shall revert shortly), competitors have meted out the same fate to the Helsinki silver-medallist. In **C**, unfortunately, Kt-B6, though not nearly as pretty as Kt-Q5, seems to work as well. I had to give it full marks. Many competitors stumped by **B**. Prizes shared by J. R. Harman, T. Jones, M. Kaye, A. J. Roycroft.

Non-Londoners: (3) *B-Kt5. Londoners' 3rd move due by April 8.*

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 42



Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s.6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1, by 14th April.

ACROSS

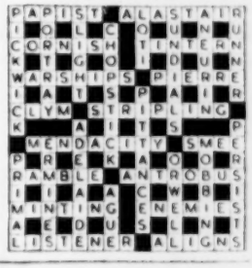
1. Common means of communicating political orthodoxy (5, 4).
6. Confronted with an enclosed card (5).
9. Baby bird (7).
10. Lift across the ocean (7).
11. Burden often shed (4).
12. Implements, but not for knife-throwers (10).
14. M.P. without king or emperor (6).
15. Made a case end with d, but went to the top (8).
17. Resourceful Ann? (8).
19. Outcry of the dons back West (6).
23. Voting reform bill passed; in France here is an expert (10).
24. You will shout (4).
26. The Frenchman in the back rank came out (7).
27. Job for a servant; a footman perhaps? (7).
28. Words without ending (5).
29. Place where there is an airbase giving a sign to go ahead and touch down (9).

DOWN

1. Sustenance (7).
2. Make a thorough search and hurry on the dismissal (7).
3. Father of the frost-giants might turn frosty (4).
4. Riding girl (6).
5. Task which often has a nickname (8).
6. Wartime allies liberate a famous general (4, 6).
7. Carried in triumph (7).
8. Prepared for dinner human beings or animals (7).
13. Sporting benefits (10).
16. Follower of the Observer or Guardian? (8).
17. About fifty shapes change—how unfortunate! (7).
18. Bar for hangers-on (7).
20. Play with treacle (7).
21. Pink girl? (7).
22. It provides light cover (6).
25. Low county (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 41



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ACCOMMODATION—continued

OXFORD graduate & wife offer sgle. acc., light ckg. facils. Congenial atmosphere, Hampstead. 45s. 6d. p.w. HAM. 8109.

RICH. 0396. Dble. divan room with kit., c.h.w. Use of bath & garden. Box 8087.

FURN. bedsit.-room with cooking facils. in Artist's house. Essex village. On daily bus London. Small rent in return for some sitting-in. Suit free-lance. Box 7787.

TO let, furnished house, 2 reception, 3 bedrms., overlooking Epping Forest and 5 Bus routes, during summer—longer if 1 or 2 rooms retained. Box 8079.

RYE, Sussex. Tiny cottage to let, furn. Avail. May 11-23, June 3-July 18, August 29 onwards. St. John's House, N.W.8.

SELF-contained studio flat to let, furnished, overlooking Polperro harbour. Long or short periods. Apply "Marguerite," The Bark House, Polperro, Cornwall.

PRIMITIVE cottage to let, Snowdonia (except August). Sleep 4-6 people. Suitable hikers, climbers. 3gns. p.w. Box 7486.

SMALL furn. cottage, long or short let. On S. Essex estuary. Box 7910.

CONNEMARA, Eire. 3-room cottage to let near beach. Vacant until July only. Tooles, Garraunbourn, Moyard, Co. Galway.

CORNWALL: 2-berth caravan, also large 4-berth, each fitted calor gas heating, lighting, cooking, fully equipped. Beautiful secluded spot near cove, 4gns. and 6 to 8gns. respectively. Gibbs, Lamorna, Penzance.

EDINBURGH to let, July 15-Aug. 22. House, 2 pub., 3 d. brm., gdn. Box 8097.

GRAMMAR schoolmaster, wife, 3 chil., wish exchange home Bath with family seaside S.W. August. 5 Malvern Villas.

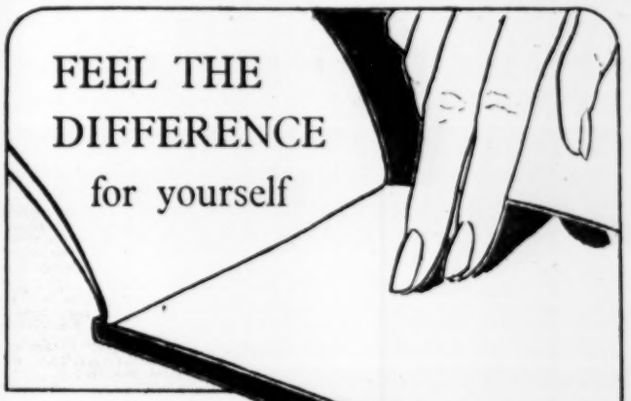
BACHELOR, 38, reqs. furn. room & breakfast or use kitchen. Prepared share flat West London. Box 7817.

YOUNG Aust. woman seeks 1 large or 2 small rms., kit., bthrm. (wld. share), tel. or use of, pref. un./semi-furn., rent mod. Any time May to Aug. year or longer. S.W.1, 3, 7, N.W.1, 3. Nr. Tube, buses. Box 7864.

WANTED: Rent Cottage/self-contained flat, South coast off beaten track. Pref. suitable 6, near safe beach. State terms. Two references. Box 7881.

WANTED from Sept. 1 for 3 months, furnished house with linen, garage, etc., for family coming on leave, three children and new baby. Country district but accessible London and the sea. Apply by Air Mail to Hutton, Box 351, Kampala, Uganda.

UNF. flat rqd. yng. cple. Seedhurgh, Anthropology Dpt., Univ. Coll., W.C.1.



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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

QUEEN Mary College (University of London), Mile End Road, E.1. Applications are invited for the following posts in the French Department: Lecturer, preferably with qualifications regarding 19th-century literature. Salary scale, £600-£50-£900; £900-£50-£1,150. Commencing salary according to age and experience. Assistant Lecturer, qualified to assist in the teaching of Mediaeval literature and of the History of the language. Salary scale £500-£50-£600, tenure three years with possibility of a further year. Both posts are subject to F.S.S.U. participation and a family allowance of £50 for each child. Application forms available from the Registrar are returnable by April 27.

MAGEE University College, Londonderry, Northern Ireland. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in English Literature from October 1, 1953. The commencing Salary is £500 per annum with the usual F.S.S.U. benefits. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary of Trustees, Magee University College.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Social Administration. Salary not less than £450 per annum with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. The person appointed will be required to undertake research and to assist in the supervision of practical work as well as in the ordinary teaching duties of the Department. Duties to commence October 1, 1953. Applications should be sent not later than May 15, 1953, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

BRITISH Electricity Authority require Publications Assistant in Welfare Department in London. Duties cover editorial layout of publications dealing with Training, Safety, Health, Welfare and Joint Consultation. Experience of working with printers, publishers, and knowledge of documentary films desirable. Salary N.J.C. Grade 4, £610-£672 inclusive. Pension Scheme. Applications stating age, experience, present post and salary to D. Moffat, Director of Establishments, British Electricity Authority, Winsley St., W.1, by April 13. Quote ref. AE/853.

HEAD (preferably Teacher) required for Sunshine Home residential Nursery School for 20 blind children, St. Mary's Bay, New Romney, Kent. Appointment to date from August 17, 1953. Salary Burnham Scale or appropriate scale, with free board-residence. Further particulars and application form from Secretary-General, National Institute for the Blind, 224-6-8 Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

VACANCY, with excellent prospects, will occur, in near future, for first-class young Prep. school-master, married or single. Preference for man, not over 30, from Public School, with Oxford or Cambridge degree. Apply sending fullest details. All letters treated confidentially. Box 7933.

LONDON, N.W. Wanted Sept. (i) Young Form Mistress to teach mainly English and French to children aged 10-13. Craftwork or games useful. (ii) Part-time qualified master for Boys' P.E. (aged 10-17). Two half-days weekly. Recognised, independent, progressive co-educational day school. Salary Burnham (London). King Alfred School, North End Rd., London, N.W.11.

BEATTIES of Wolverhampton wish to appoint a Woman to their Display Staff, to handle the Fashion side of their window and interior displays. This is a new appointment, carrying a good salary with excellent prospects of advancement for a woman with the necessary qualifications and experience, who is prepared to accept the responsibility involved. Applications by letter to Staff Controller, James Beattie, Ltd., Wolverhampton.

CLUBS Organiser, female, wanted, starting September. Must have experience of mixed work. Full particulars as to age and experience, with three copies of recent testimonials, to the Association of Girls' Clubs, 7 Park Circus Place, Glasgow, C.3.

SHORTHAND-Typist with high speeds and accuracy, preferably with French and/or German, required for busy Travel Office of voluntary organisation. Salary £400 rising by £15's to £445. 35-hour normal week, overtime paid beyond 38 hours and for occasional Saturday work. Apply by letter only, typed if possible, with full details including age, speeds, languages, experience, salaries earned and general interests and background. Secretary, Ramblers' Assn. Services, 48, Park Rd., Baker St., N.W.1. Envelope to be marked "Appointment: Personal." Only applications from persons selected for interview can be acknowledged.

PRIVATE Secretary with University Degree reqd. by Head of University Department. Duties would include editorial work in connection with the production of a scientific journal. Must be hard-working, capable & conscientious. Good salary for applicant with suitable exper. and refs. Box 8111.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

OXFORD University Delegacy for Social Training. The Delegates invite applications for one or more Open Exhibitions of £50-£100 a year, tenable for one or two years from Michaelmas Term, 1953, which may be awarded to persons who wish to train for social work by preparing for the Oxford University Diploma in Public and Social Administration. If suitable applications are received an examination will be held in Oxford on May 27, and 28, 1953, consisting of an interview together with one general paper and two special papers in a subject related to the candidate's field of study (or experience). Both men and women may apply; but applicants who have not taken or are not preparing for a university degree must be over 23 years of age. Forms of application for admission to the examination may be obtained from the Secretary, Delegacy for Social Training, 35 Beaumont Street, Oxford, and should be returned to him completed not later than May 9.

THE Y.M.C.A. invites applications from men between 21 and 30 to train as General Secretaries. First essentials: sense of Christian vocation, good education, leadership ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth. Write giving particulars of experience and qualifications to Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell St., W.C.1.

ASSISTANT Organising Secretary required for London office of international work-camp organisation: experience of similar work essential. Details, applic. form from: I.V.S.P., 3 Cromwell Road, S.W.7.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of copywriter in the advertising department of leading photographic firm near London. Experience advantageous but not essential. Age not above 30. Box 8035.

INTERESTING commercial position for experienced Secretary-Shorthand Typist in Nigeria. Lady, over 30. Box 5635.

IRVING Galleries require young educated typist, good handwriting and figures. Salary £4. 17 Irving St., W.C.2.

JUNIOR full-time, or experienced half-time shorthand-typist required. Book-keeping desirable if full-time. Interesting political office, London. Box 8112.

LADY Clerk reqd. in London Assay Offices and Laboratories. Inter. B.Sc. Standard & French an advantage. Post suits lady of administrative ability. Write stating age, exper., and salary reqd. to Box 7667.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for permanent posts in London; also for occasional work on our Emergency Staff (£6 10s., 10-5, no Sats.). Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

TEMPORARY/part-time Sh/typs. Interesting work, by hr./day/week. WHI. 5392.

WORKING housekeeper wanted by schoolteacher (f.) and semi-invalid mother. 12 miles London. Box 8003.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG man, 29, university and practical background, typing, driving, seeks any post, pref. literary, artistic. Box 7942.

CAN anyone offer congenial, interesting work to well-educated, intelligent and athletic man, 36? No ties, go anywhere, indoor or outdoor work; anything considered and all replies answered. Referees if necessary. Box 7959.

ANOTHER neophyte barrister invites offers of part-time work, pref. paper work which he can do in his chambers. Box 7790.

BRITISH, 40, bilingual French-English, accounts and audit experience, resident Paris, willing travel. Box 7651.

ACCOUNTANT, musical qualific., sks. change into suitable posn. Box 8094.

WOMAN, Honours B.A.(London), requires work pref. Tonbridge-Uckfield area. Some office, secretarial experience (publishing, philately), good English, interest in Arts; long experience housekeeping-catering for numbers but books preferred. Free April. Box 7748.

GRADUATE (f.), 27, seeks interesting secretarial or other post; strong interest psychology. Suggestions welcomed. Box 7909.

EXPD. Secretary Sh./Typist free occasional periods. ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

WHERE TO STAY

SWITZERLAND—Book now for spring and summer in 3,370 ft. high Guest House on one of the finest spots of the world. Comfort, exc. cuisine, pers. attention. Daily: Fr. 15-16.50 all incl. Write brochure: Hotel-Pension Le Cerisier—Caux s/Montreux.

CONNEMARA, Letterfrack. Atlantic Ocean and Twelve Bens. Mod. cons. £4 10s. wkly. Children £2 10s. Mrs. Joyce.

COSSINGTON Guest House, nr. Bridgwater, Somerset. Excel. food & bedding. Easy access sea, golf fishing. Max. 5½gns.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approvd. Licensed. Superb position in a lovely centre for Summer holidays. Rye 2216.

"OUT of the world and into Longformacus." In the heart of the Lammermuirs yet only 32 miles from Edinburgh. The unique Rathburne Hotel, Longformacus, Berwickshire. Send for brochure.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

WHY not visit the Lake District for your holiday this year? Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, offers magnificent views, attractive food and comfort in friendly atmosphere. Special facilities for climbers and Fell walkers. Conferences and parties welc. Anne Horner. Phone 508.

CARAVAN & chalets for country camping hol. beside West Looe River. Sea 2 mls. Shallowpool, Nr. Looe, Cornwall. Looe 278.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Nr. East Grinstead. Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Lovely walks and good food at the end of them. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

SPAIN: Costa Brava: Small modern pension facing sea; H/C water, good cooking. Write: Bella Costa, Llafranch, Gerona.

SALCOMBE. The loveliest spot in South Devon. Visit Grafton Towers, where every comfort is assured. Standing in beautiful 2-acre garden, the whole house faces south and every room has a perfect sea view out to Prawle Point and Bolt Head. Only a few minutes' walk from North or South Sands. Write or 'phone Mrs. Edwards. SAL. 282.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. wkly. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

AUSTRIA—enjoyable holiday in private villa, Carinthian Mountains Lake. 5gns. weekly. Interviews London. Box 7878.

MALLORCA. Englishman offers accommodation with breakfast, 3½gns. weekly. Superb views. Box 7848.

FARM Holidays: 1953 Guide, describing "Britain's Best Farm Houses." Pages of pictures. 2s. 8d. post free. Farm Guide, Dept. N.S.N., 49, Broomlands, Paisley.

NORTH Devon, overlooking Atlantic. Do you want a quiet, restful holiday in a scene of bewitching beauty? Good food, courteous attention, elec. light. Mod. terms. Grosvenor Guest House, Stoke, Hartland. Mr. & Mrs. W. Stewart, proprs. Tel.: Hartland 225.

SW. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Commdr. H. G. Selby.

AVOID dreariness and snobbery! The Continental, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea, gathers guests akin to you. Friendly, intelligent atmosphere. (Illd. brochure.)

"FINEST Spring Climate . . ." Write now for Town/N informative brochures for May vacancies (fully booked till then). 5/6½ gns., incl. "extras" (gratuities, early tea, heated bedroom). Meat or Vegetarian. Twin beds; Slumberlands, Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Rec. by readers, also members Toc H, W.V.S., Rotary. Also booking for summer 6/8 gns.; opposite boating, fishing, own beach tent.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well-cooked, well-served. Own produce. Garage/parking. 5-7gns. No extras. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. 'Phone 2621.

CONNEMARA, Eire—Seaside farmhouse accommodation, recommended, 5gns. weekly. Mrs. Nee, Renvyle, Co. Galway.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

CO. GALWAY, Clifden, Rock Glen Hotel. A.A., R.I.A.C., I.T.B. Country hse: touring centre for 12 Bens of Connemara. Broch.

LAKES Charm, old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel. Ambleside 2334.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/6gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penralit, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

PAYING Guests welc. modernised farmhouse ideally situated Wenlock Edge, Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock.

SPRINGTIME in unspoilt rural Essex (27 mls. London). "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers restful holidays with good food, sunny rooms, mod. cons., large garden.

SHREWSBURY (near). Visit the beautiful Mary Webb country. Mountainous scenery, bracing air. Slumberlands, exc. cuisine. Particulars: Oliver, Guest House, Pontesbury.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses—the Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 2d. from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

CHEAP holidays on organic farm. Whole Food, Vegetarian optional. 3½gns. Children accepted unaccompanied. Lambert, Elmsett, Ipswich. Offton 218.

THE Hallams, Nr. Shamley Green, Guildford. For Conferences, Summer Schools, week-end groups as well as for the individual or family. Excellent catering. In superb scenery yet easy from London. Write for illustrated booklet.

PEMBROKESHIRE cliffs for flowers and birds. Guests in Naturalist's country bungalow. Pegity Cot, St. Davids.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

THURLESTONE Sands, South Devon. Rock House Hotel offers every comfort at reasonable terms in April, May & June. Near first-class golf and tennis. Lovely cliff and country walks.

WEST Coast of Ireland. Book now for Spring & Summer holidays. Avondale House, Mallarranny, Co Mayo.

PORTQUIN for holiday in lovely surroundings and reasonable cost. Your own flat in house with restaurant & playroom. Good bathing in sheltered inlet. No August vacancies. Maxwell, Portquin, Port Isaac, North Cornwall.

BRITTANY. Quiet pension de famille in small fishing village. 1,200-1,300 frs. per day inclusive. Maerten, Kerminic, Plougasnou, Finistere.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Spring is the time to enjoy the country. Low terms Apl./June. Good food. Comfort. One visit and you will come again. Te Whare Hotel, Horam (Eastbourne Line). Tel. Horam Rd. 32.

CÔTE D'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. Restaurant with 1st class French cuisine. All modern comforts. Own cabin cruiser and car. Illus. brochure—Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

HOVE. For happy comfortable holidays. 4 mins. sea & lawns. H. & C. Excellent food. Terms from 5gns. 18 Rutland Gardens. Tel: Hove 39389.

INNSBRUCK, Tyrol. B. & B. 8s. 6d. English spoken. Mrs. Emmi Kratochwil, 3 Pembaurstrasse, Innsbruck.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Lovely garden & beautiful scenery. Remarkably sheltered. Land of King Arthur. Log fires. Jersey milk and cream. Open all the year. Golf St. Enodoc. Salmon, trout in season. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Port Quin, Lundy Bay, Port Gaverne. Television for Coronation. Excel. cuisine & all personal comforts guaranteed. Book now. Adults from 9gns. Manageress, Mrs. Accles Port Isaac 234.

LLEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house beautifully situated above colourful mountain valley near Betws-y-Coed. Modern comfort; continental cooking. From 6½gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolw. 220.

FRENCH Riviera: Hotel Sévigné, Roquebrune—Cap Martin. Flowered terrace overlkg. sea. Ideal climate. Excel. cuisine. Mod. charges. 1,000 yards from Monte-Carlo Casino. Open all year. R. Prévot.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain and lakes. Wastwater. Sea & golf at Seascale. Billiards, Table Tennis, Licd. Irton Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumb. Holmrook 42.

NEAR Pendine. Comfortable accom. in Country house, beautiful surroundings and lovely coastal scenery. Liberal table, home produce, billiards, tennis & ping-pong room. Terms 6gns. Broadway Mansion, Laugharne, Carmarthenshire. Telephone Laugharne 25.

DONEGAL Bay, Eire. Sea, mountains, village, Phibbs, Manor Cottage, Dunkineely.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel. Loveliest position on sunny Cornish coast. Every comfort: "Home" cooking. A.A. recommended.

WRITER offers private beach, sailing, fishing. Large double room. Excellent cooking. Also 3-berth house-boat. Meals provided if required. From 3½gns. Compton, Pencalenick Fowey, Cornwall.

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UNIVERSITY of Oxford, The Queen's College, Research Fellowship. The Governing Body proposes, if a suitable candidate presents himself, to elect during the Long Vacation to a Junior Research Fellowship in one of the following subjects: Classics, History (Ancient, Medieval or Modern), Philosophy, Politics, Economics. The Fellowship is of the value of £450 per annum, and is pensionable under the Federated Superannuation Scheme for Universities. It will be tenable for three years in the first instance. The Fellow will be entitled to free rooms in College and to free dinner at the Common Table. He may, with the leave of the Governing Body, engage in teaching up to a maximum of six hours weekly. The successful candidate will enter upon his Fellowship on October 1, but must by that date have passed with Honours all the examinations required for a first degree at a University within the United Kingdom, and must not have entered upon the thirty-second term from his Matriculation. Candidates should apply to the Provost, The Queen's College, not later than May 23, 1953. They should enclose a statement of their qualifications and of the nature of advanced study or research they propose to undertake. They should also give the names of not more than three persons prepared to act as referees.

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PERSONAL

HELP reqd., suburban home, B'ham., Sept. 2 yrs. Wife doing teacher's training; husb., boy 9; suit continental stud. Box 7964.

WORKING housekeeper wanted, country, on April 20, for 3 weeks, while helper on holiday. One lady in family. Box 7936.

SHARE flat rent-free offered lady independent means (not young) for occasional help, holidays, sickness, with house and small child. Full independence. Salary possible if regular duties undertaken. Pollard, 72 Cromwell Avenue, Highgate, London, N.6.

LADY wishing to supplement income welcomes suggestions. Flair for market research, food technology, and tasting. Colour blending. Expd. driver. Mobile. Box 7660.

AMERICAN family offer rm./brd. exch. p./time help 2 infants/chores. Box 8043.

EDITORS & M.P.'s please note! Presentable male, 25, sound newspaper trng., sks. London post. Prev. exper. Westminster as Political Sec./" Ghost " Writer. Box 8000.

GRAD., 27, wide interests, wishes live, work France one year. Box 8024.

DECORATING, colour planning. Clare Hambledon. Prompt, skilled, mod. Warmly recom. All parts London & Home Counties (however remote) visited by appmnt. Estimates free. Box 7967/Hindhead 389.

ACCOMMODATION offered in West Country cottage to Potter, Sculptor, Painter or Writer, in return for part-time help at Pottery. Box 7925.

ROMANY Caravan, superb carving, bunks modernised; roadworthy or permanent home. Cost £300, nearest offer. View Sarratt Sats. by appointment. Box 7911.

HOUSEPARTY for people interested in sport, dancing. August. Bournemouth. Box 7891.

ISRAEL & U.S.A. The World Union of Jewish Students announces for Summer 1953 its Israel International Work Camp; U.S.A. Study Tour; reduced student fares to Israel. Apply in writing only to 60, Marlborough Place, London, N.W.8.

SUGGESTIONS or recommendations gratefully recd. for happy, well cared for bol. pref. seaside, children's camp or sim. unac-comp. boy 7, girl 11, 2 wks. Aug. Box 7879.

MOTORING Switzerland/Austria fortnight fr. May 23. Owner of lge. car invites companions, sharing exps. Box 7877.

JUAN Les Pins, Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, St. Raphael. Bookings arranged for hotels and apartments by Englishman living at Juan Les Pins. No commission. Box 7867.

CAR-Owner wants companions share driving and expenses for 4/5 weeks holiday pref. Yugoslavia. August 1. Box 7970.

YOUNG Woman (26 years) wishes companion (f.) for hitch-hike holiday to and in Italy, beginning of July. Box 7754.

GIRL (Medical Secretary) wishes join private party, young people or family, touring Italy with/without car, fortnight June or three weeks August. Box 7929.

GENT, 29, reqs. fairly reg. priv. w/end acc. f. summer nr. London. Box 8089.

BLUTHNER Grand for sale. Write Box 8093.

PENNILESS music student seeks cheap room in London. Box 7861.

GENTLEMAN desires French conversation. State terms per hour. Box 7832.

BLUTHNER upright Piano for sale, overhauled makers 1948. £100 or offer. HAM. 9612.

GUITAR lessons. Technique. Theory. Harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov. FLA. 4354.

CONCERT Cellist teaches Feuerman method. Box 7518.

HEBOAT, f. sale. Fully eqp. 40ft. Main water. London. £350 o.n.o. Box 7963.

HANDWRITING expert gives advice on character and abilities in business, professional, educational and personal matters. 5, Murray Road, London, S.W.19.

ART: Take up Water Colour: Six famous Artists teach you by post. The course s a sheer joy, easy, inexpensive. Pupils exhibit in Royal Academy, etc. Other Postal Courses in every branch of Art. Illustrated prospectus free. Press Art School, Ltd. (Dept. N.S.16), Tudor Hall, S.E.23.

CRUISING on Canals. A holiday for the Adventurous. Wide choice of routes in lovely scenery. Good cruisers for 2-6 people. Start from Market Drayton, Stone/Stourport. 600 miles canals & rivers to cruise on. Joint Canal Cruising Agency (N), Stone, Staffs.

AU Pair: We arrange 3-9 months' stay Switzerland, France, Belgium for young educated girls willing help with children, easy housework; pocket money. Same applies to foreign girls wishing to stay with English families. Enc. s.a.e. Educational Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

CONCERT Pianist, trained in Godowsky school, takes pupils all stages. VIC 0820.

INTERNATIONAL Socialist Youth Camp. Opatija Bay, Yugoslavia. July 26-August 8, £23. Other holidays at Socialist centres. Apply International Union of Socialist Youth, 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1. ABB. 6894.

PERSONAL—continued

SOUTH-West France for Unusual Holidays. The south-west of France (Limousin, Marche, Quercy, Perigord) is full of interest to those who wish for a change from the usual tourist resorts. Splendid scenery along the Dordogne valley and the approaches to the central mountains. Pre-history (Les Eyzies, Lascaux). Craftmanship (Limoges enamels, Aubusson tapestries). Medieval architecture. Good fare. Local wines. The increased allowances (£40 for adults, £30 for children under 12, £20 for a car), ensure extended holidays in this fascinating region. Apply for folder L9 (Limousin), with classified hotel list, to the French Government Tourist Office, 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

VALLEY View Fellowship Camp, Newbarn Lane, Biggin Hill, Kent. Situated in heart of country near to London. Applications are invited from organisations to hire the Camp for a week-end. Indoor sleeping accommodation, with full equipment for 30 persons. Full dining service, table tennis, outdoor games, etc. Charge for exclusive use including services of steward, £12-12s. for entire week-end. Enqs. to Hon. Chairman, Mr. B. Ballon, 2 Donovan Ave., N.10.

SCHOOL requires weekend accommodation: 10 to 15 children; ages 10 to 14 years. Beds, etc., can be provided. Open country, swimming facilities. Farm an asset. Within 30 to 40 miles London, N.W. Box 8077.

LONDON Atelier of Painting & Sculpture. New term now commencing. Summer Painting School at Villefranche, Nice, from June to September. Enquiries Box 7917.

PORTRAITS by good painter, 15-30gns. Five sittings. Box 7961.

FURNISHED holiday houses on little-known Spanish Island, from 3gns. wkly. Metravels, 27 Steele's Road, N.W.3.

HOME for young boy student. Company for another. 5 weekdays, 50s. incl. Write White, 18 Wells Rd., Hampstead, N.W.3.

AUSTRIAN holidays are still the best bargain! Spring Flower Party in Southern Austria May 9, Mountain and Lakeside holiday in the Tyrol June 20 and all through the summer; also Salzburg Festival Parties, August 1 and 15. From 25½gns. for 16-day holiday. Ernst Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

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MEXICAN Art. An Arts Council Exhibition arranged with the Mexican Government. Tate Gallery. Open till April 26. Week-days 10-9, Sundays 2-6. Adm. 2s. 6d., after 6 p.m., 1s. 6d. Closed Good Friday.

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IRVING Galleries, Irving St., Leicester Sq. Paintings by George N. Allsop and Laurence A. Eveleigh. Until Sat., April 25.

O'HANA Gallery, 13 Carlos Place, Grosvenor Square, W.1. Recent paintings by Henryk Gotlib. Until April 21.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by William Gear and Sculpture by Robert Adams. Closed on Easter Saturday.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. Mr. Solly Sachs on "South Africa and Democracy or Fascism," Thurs., Apr. 16, 7.30. Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Pl., W.C.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec., WEL. 0136.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., April 8, 7.30 p.m., at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Speaker: Dr. D. Stark Murray (Chairman, Socialist Medical Association). Admission 2s.

BRAINS Trust, St. Pancras N. (Ward 1) Labour Party. Thursday, April 9, 8 p.m. Parliament Hill School, Highgate Road, N.W.5. Fenner Brockway, M.P., Anthony Greenwood, M.P., Sir Leslie Plummer, M.P., Kenneth Robinson, M.P. Admission free.

THE Dean of Canterbury speaks on "Stalin's Work for Peace." Chair.: John Platts-Mills. Beaver Hall, 7.30, Sat., April 18. Tkts. 1s. from British Soviet Friendship Soc., 36 Spencer St. E.C.1. S.a.e. with order.

THE Garibaldi Group meets regularly on Friday, 7.30 p.m., at The Garibaldi Restaurant, 10 Laystall Street, E.C.1 (near Holborn Hall between Clerkenwell Road and Rosebery Avenue). April 10: C. W. Burn, The Anarchist Contribution to Social Sciences. April 17: Ken Hawkes, The I.W.M.A. April 24: W. Dradey, The Trades Councils.

HOLIDAY Friendship Service Q. and A. meeting. Denison House, Vauxhall Bge. Rd. (Nr. Victoria Sta.) Wed., April 15, 7.30 p.m. For programme and provincial meetings send S.A.E. to 5 Goodwins Court, London, W.C.2.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. April 11 at 6 p.m. Mme. Boillot (Alliance Française): "Coutumes et moeurs locales en France."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

J. HUTTON HYND: "A Religion of Death or a Religion of Life?" At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, April 5, at 11 a.m.

BUDGET Forum, Fri., April 17, at Livingstone Hall, Tothill St., S.W.1, 7.15. Spkrs.: George Darling, M.P., Dr. Thomas Balogh and Roy Jenkins, M.P., Donald Chapman, M.P. (Chair... Tkts. 2s. Apply Lecture Sec., Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

"INDIA and S.E. Asia": William Warbey, N.W. London Fabian Meeting at Barclay House, Finchley Rd., N.W.11 (near Regal Cinema), Thurs., April 9 at 8 p.m.

WARSAW Ghetto Uprising. Tenth Anniversary Commemoration. Speakers: Bertrand Russell, O.M., Rabbi Kopul Rosen, M.A. Chairman: Jacob Halevy, M.Sc. Readings from the story of the Uprising by Leo Genn. Songs by the London Jewish Male Choir. Director: Martin White and Cantor Rev. E. F. Rosenberg. Caxton Hall, Thursday, April 9, 8 p.m. Doors open at 7.30 p.m. Admission free. Reserved seats 2s. 6d. each from The Organisers, World Jewish Congress, British Section, 55 New Cavendish St., W.1. Telephone: WELbeck 0335.

RAMAKRISHNA & Vivekananda Anniversary Meeting: Caxton Hall, Thurs. April 9 at 7 p.m. Speakers: Sir John Stewart-Wallace, Mr. Maung Maung Ji, Mr. H. S. L. Polak. Chairman: Swami Ghanananda. (ii) Meditation & Discourse every Sun., 5 p.m. (except April 5) at Ramakrishna Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, London N.10. (iii) Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, Thurs., 7.30 p.m., April 16: "Worship Internal & External." All welc.

"RACISM—end of Commonwealth" Malaise in Human Relations: Needs of Asia & Africa. Jubilee Sagoe, Jagindar Gadhok, Nigel Drury, Andrew Faulds. Mn., Apr. 13, 7.30. 13 Chelsea Embt. Org. by "Man."

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. April 5: "Mind Control." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Road.

COLLATERAL Marital Union for both sexes—the argument with graphs and diagrams. Edward Wilson, M.D. (Non-Registered), Lecture Hall, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, April 12, 7 p.m. Collection. 1 min. Bayswater (Inner Circle) and Queensway (Central). This the only advertisement. Formation of society or group to be discussed.

DENNIS Gray Stoll on "The Hypocrisy of the Colour Bar," April 10, 8.15. All welc. No colln. London Br., Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

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